Towner's Male Quartettes

2364/60

TOWNER'S MALE QUARTETTES

A COLLECTION OF GOSPEL, SACRED AND SECULAR SONGS

Composed and Arranged for the Use of Quartettes, Choirs and Choruses

BY

D. B. TOWNER

Price, 60 cents

MOODY PRESS
153 Institute Place, Chicago, Illinois

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How to Obtain the Best Results from a Male Quartette or Chorus, in Church and Other Services

The following simple and seemingly common-place suggestions if carefully observed, will, we believe, yield satisfactory results.

The parts should be as evenly balanced as possible, and the songs, both words and music, should be memorized in order to secure the greatest liberty possible in their rendition.

The male quartette or chorus should be made a feature of the service. We use fruit before the morning meal as an appetizer and dessert at the close of dinner as a luxury and delicacy. We do not make a meal of the fruit, neither do we use meat and vegetables as an introduction to the dessert. If we would make the best possible use of male voices in public services, we should hold them in reserve for the psychological moment, so to speak, which may be just before the sermon, or graver part of the service, or at the close of such exercises; or, perhaps, both before and after.

In no case should a program be given with men's voices either at the beginning or close of the service.

The choir should be used freely to stimulate hearty congregational singing, and then, when the selection by men's voices is introduced, it will prove a delight, a feature that will attract the people and one of which they will not easily tire.

At other than church services, do not use the male quartette or chorus to gain the attention of the audience before opening the service. Use some other means for that purpose, as has been previously stated, and reserve the quartette or chorus for something better.

If these suggestions are carried out, the male voices used in this way will prove to be not only a feature that will attract, but will also be a valuable adjunct to the occasion.

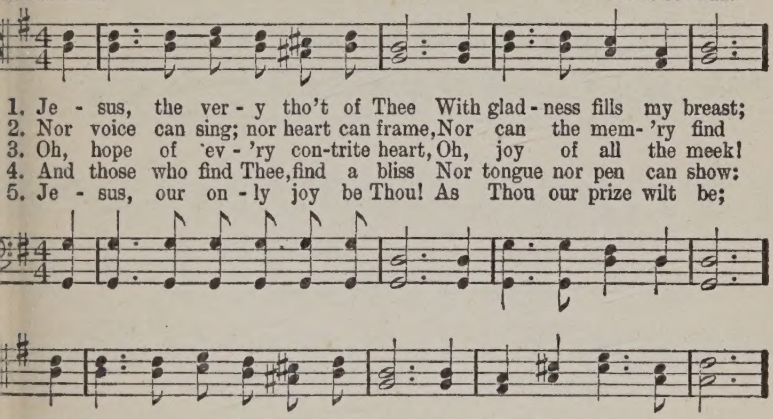
D. B. Towner.

Printed in the United States of America

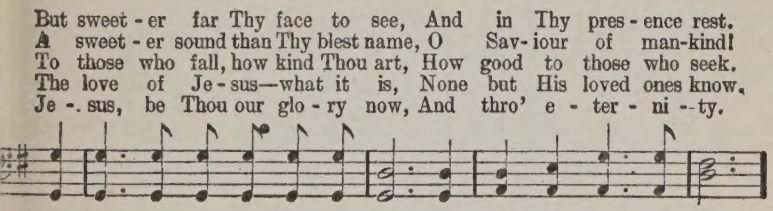
Towner's Male Quartettes.

1 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

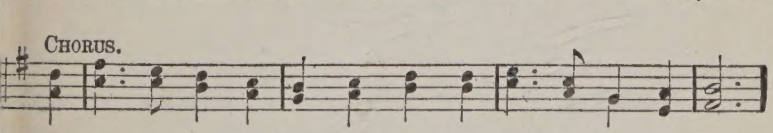
E. CASWALL. D. B. TOWNER.



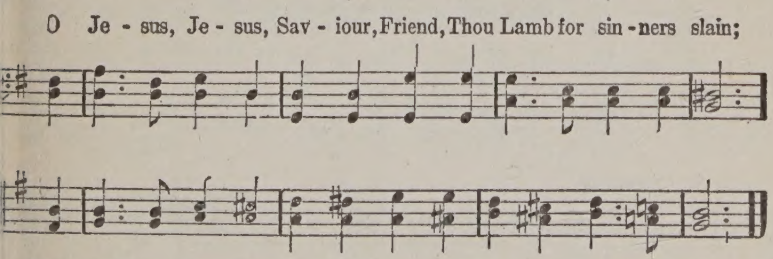
1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee With glad - ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing; nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem- 'ry find
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart, Oh, joy of all the meek!
4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show:
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou! As Thou our prize wilt be;



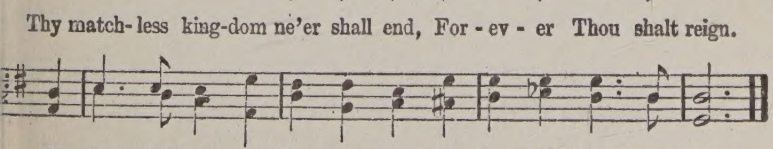
But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek.
The love of Je - sus—what it is, None but His loved ones know.
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.



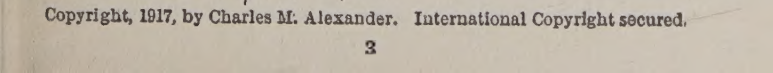
CHORUS.



O Je - sus, Je - sus, Sav - iour, Friend, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;



Thy match - less king-dom ne'er shall end, For - ev - er Thou shalt reign.



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2 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHOEBE CARY. Arr. from NEVIN, by D. B. TOWNER.

1. One sweet - ly sol- emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er;
3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid down;
5. E'en now, per-chance my feet Are slip - ping on the brink;

I'm near - er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er to leave the cross, Near - er to gain the crown.
And I am near - er home, Near - er than now I think.

2. Near - er my Fa-ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions be;
4. But ly - ing dark be - tween, Wind - ing down thro' the night,
6. Fa - ther, per - fect my trust! Strength-en my pow'r of faith!

Near - er the great white throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea.
There rolls the un-known stream That leads at last to light.
Nor let me stand a - lone up - on the shore of death.

REFRAIN.

I'm near-er home to-day, Than e'er I've been be-fore.
I'm near-er home to-day,

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A Great Religion.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. 'Tis a great re - lig - ion that our fa - thers knew, 'Tis a great re -
2. It will give you com-fort when your heart feels sad; It will keep you
3. 'Tis a great re - lig - ion that our fa - thers knew, All the way to

lig - ion and we love it too, Whether liv - ing or dy - ing it will
shouting when your life is glad, All the doubters must won-der when they
heav- en it will help us thro', God has planned it to sat - is - fy each

CHORUS.

stand the test, Who ac-cepts this gos-pel will be tru - ly blest.
see its pow'r, 'Tis a precious passport for the last great hour.
hu - man need, It is bound to conquer ev-'ry oth-er creed.
'Tis a great re -

lig- ion, a great re- lig-ion, Of full atonement and sal- va-tion free; 'Tis a

great re- lig- ion, a great re- lig-ion, Liv-ing or dy-ing, it just suits me.

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There'll Be Light In the Valley.

ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Should the dark-ness of life's evening swift-ly fall, And the gloom of part-ing come to you and me, Then my ris-en Lord will shine a bove it all And the val-ley of the shad-ow bright will be.
2. When the an-gel voic-es fall up-on our ear, And the last far well is said for you and me, Then we'll walk be-side the One wh ban-ished fear And the val-ley of the shad-ow bright will be.
3. When we reach the clos-ing moments of life's day And the home-lan of the soul we soon shall see, Then the glo-ry of His grace sh light the way, And the val-ley of the shad-ow bright will be.

CHORUS.

There'll be light in the val-ley, There'll be light in the val-ley, For t Sav-iour will gen-tly lead us home: And though earth-ties may sever, 'Twi

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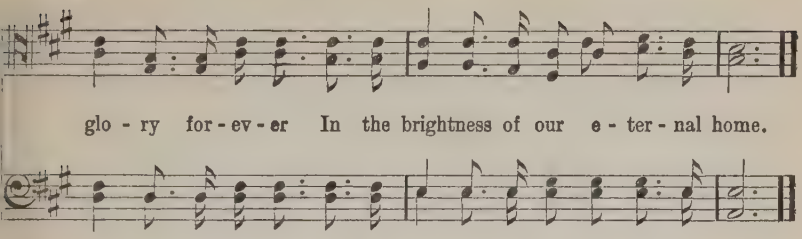
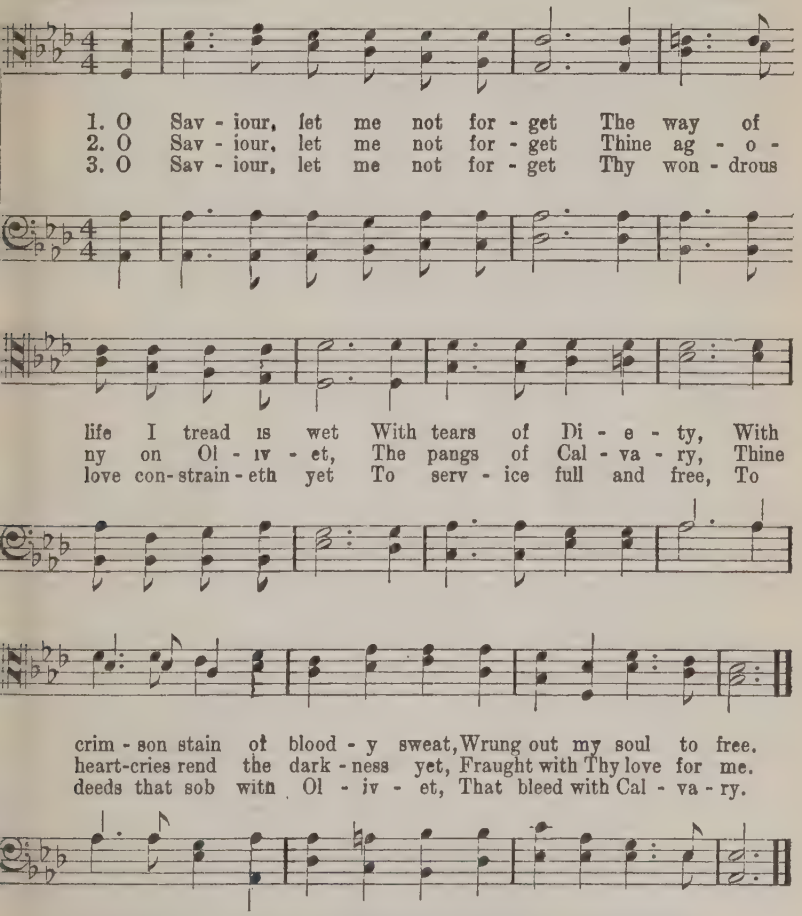
There'll Be Light In the Valley.



5 Let Me Not Forget.

ELEANOR INGLE PILSON. D. B. TOWNER.



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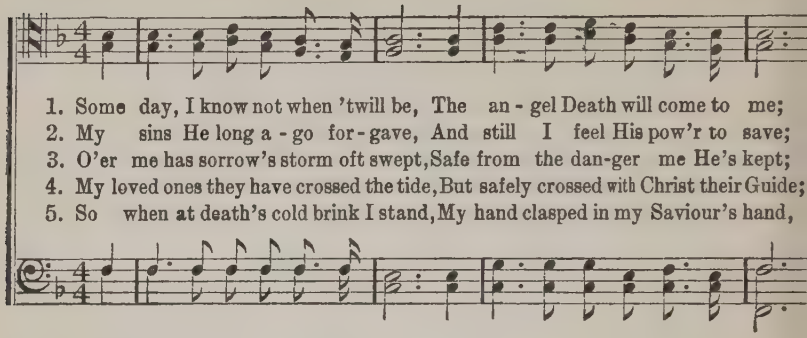
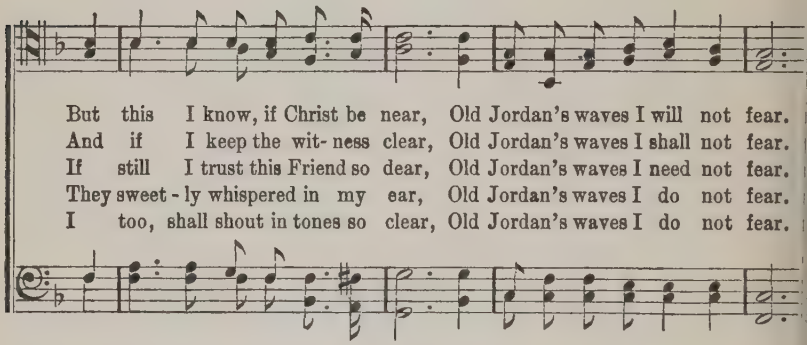
6 Old Jordan's Waves I Will Not Fear.

Words arr. by D. B. T. D. B. TOWNER.

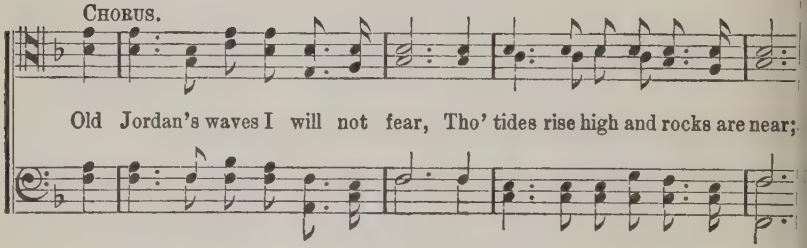


1. Some day, I know not when 'twill be, The an - gel Death will come to me;
2. My sins He long a - go for - gave, And still I feel His pow'r to save;
3. O'er me has sorrow's storm oft swept, Safe from the dan-ger me He's kept;
4. My loved ones they have crossed the tide, But safely crossed with Christ their Guide;
5. So when at death's cold brink I stand, My hand clasped in my Saviour's hand,

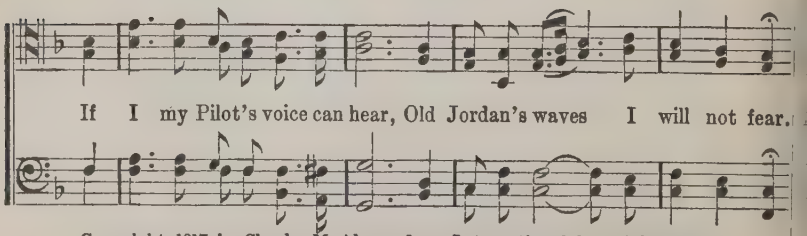


But this I know, if Christ be near, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.
And if I keep the wit- ness clear, Old Jordan's waves I shall not fear.
If still I trust this Friend so dear, Old Jordan's waves I need not fear.
They sweet - ly whispered in my ear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.
I too, shall shout in tones so clear, Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

CHORUS.



Old Jordan's waves I will not fear, Tho' tides rise high and rocks are near;



If I my Pilot's voice can hear, Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

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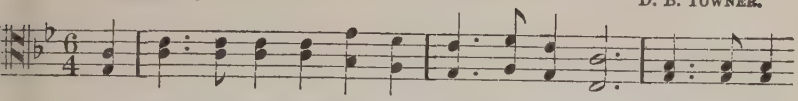
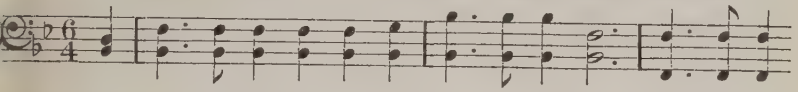
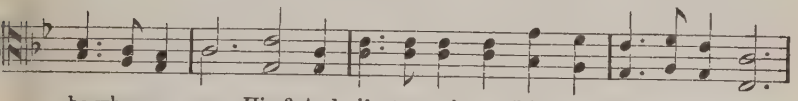
7 What Will It Be When We See Him?

ADA R. HABERSHON. D. B. TOWNER.

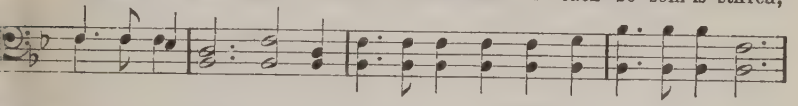


1. If sing - ing His prais-es is sweet to us here, What will it
2. How blest are the moments with Him which we spend? What will it
3. If we up - on earth are a - mazed at His grace, What will it
4. Our hearts burn with- in us when His voice is heard, What will it





be when we see Him? And if to our hearts His own word grows more dear,
be when we see Him? When perfect com-mu- nion all tho't will transcend,
be when we see Him? If here, tho' but dim - ly, His beau - ty we trace,
be when we see Him? And love to Him- self in each bo- som is stirred,



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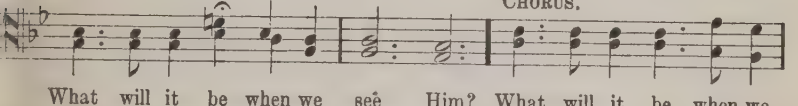
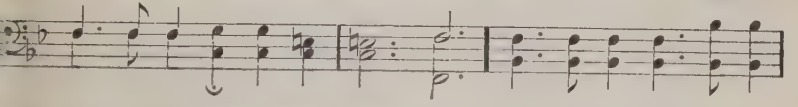
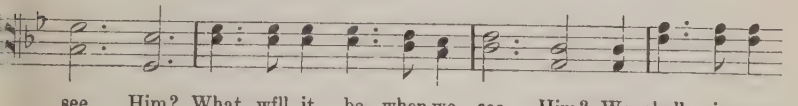
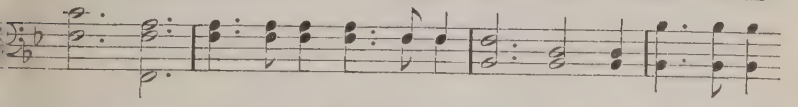


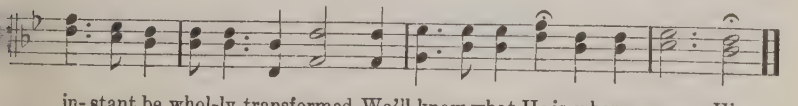
What will it be when we see Him? What will it be when we



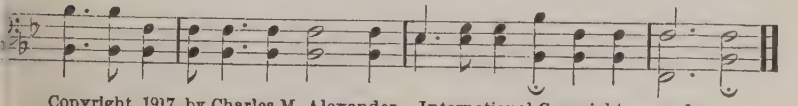


see Him? What will it be when we see Him? We shall in an





in- stant be whol-ly transformed, We'll know what He is, when we see Him.



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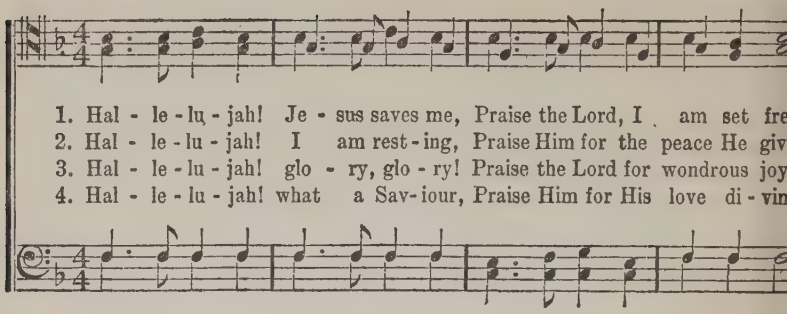
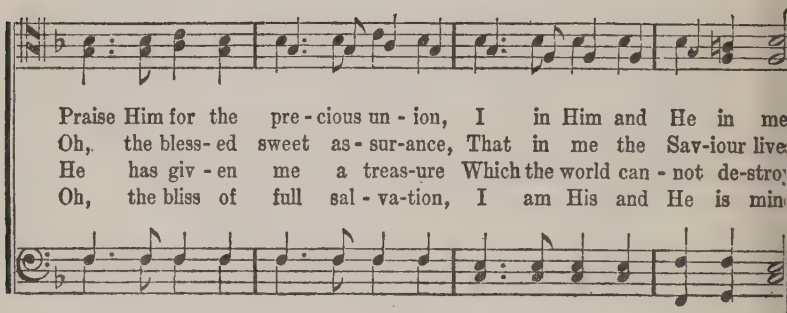
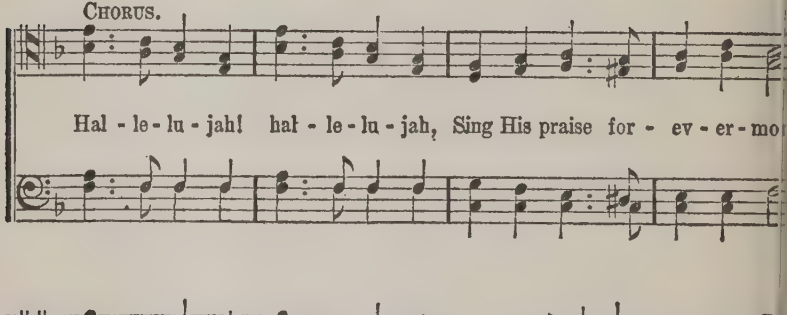
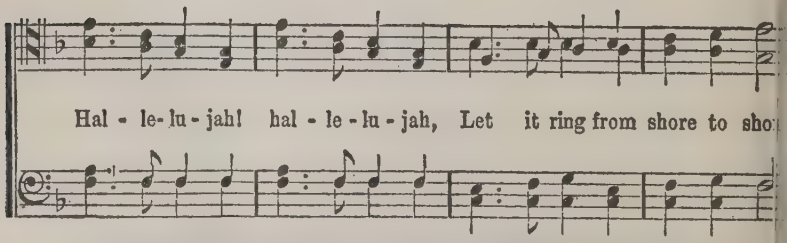
The Halleluiah Song.

A. M. French. D. B. Towner.









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Is He Yours?

(The Pilot Song.)

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. A Sav-iour who died our sal-va-tion to win, A Sav-iour who
2. A Shep-herd who giv-eth His life for the sheep, A Shep-herd both
3. A Pi-lot who know-eth the dan-gers at hand, A Pi-lot who
4. A Shel-ter from tem-pest, from wind and from storm, A Shel-ter from

knows how to save us from sin,— Yes, He is the Sav-iour, the
might-y to save and to keep,—Yes, this is the Shep-herd, the
bring-eth all ves-sels to land,—Yes, this is the Pi-lot, the
judg-ment, a Shel-ter from harm,—Yes, this is the Shel-ter, the

rall. *a tempo.* *rit.*

Sav-iour we need, And He is a Sav-iour in - deed!
Shep-herd we need, And He is a Shep-herd in - deed!
Pi-lot we need, And He is a Pi-lot in - deed!
Shel-ter we need, And He is a Shel-ter in - deed!

CHORUS.

Is He yours? is He yours? Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?
Is He yours? is He yours?

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Face to Face With the King.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the jour - ney grows wea - ry and rough seems the way, Then my bur - dens to Je - sus I bring; Well I know He will help me, give strength for each day, Till I stand face to face with the King.
2. All the tri - als that troub - le, that wor - ry and fret, Like sweet bells of the morn - ing shall ring; He will turn them to bless- ings, my woes I'll for - get, When I stand face to face with the King.
3. Though I walk through the shad-ows, there's brightness a - bove, Praise His name! thus my hap - py heart sings, For what-ev - er be - tide me, I'm kept by His love; I shall stand face to face with the King.

CHORUS.

Face to face with the King, whose prais - es I sing, I sha

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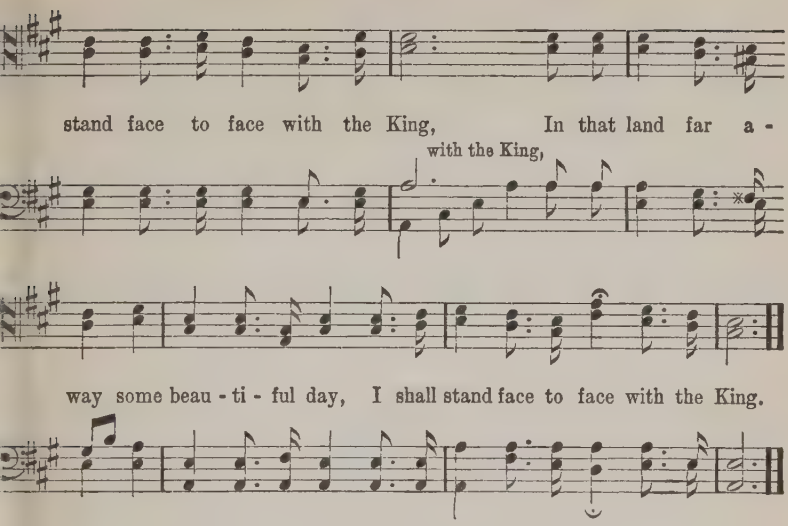
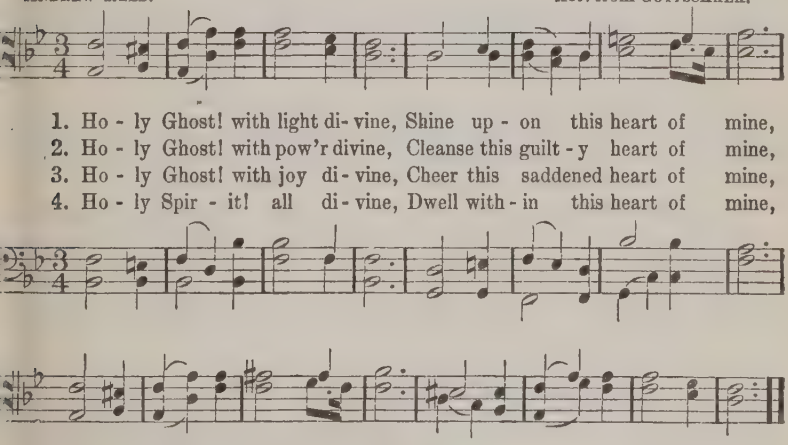
Face to Face With the King.



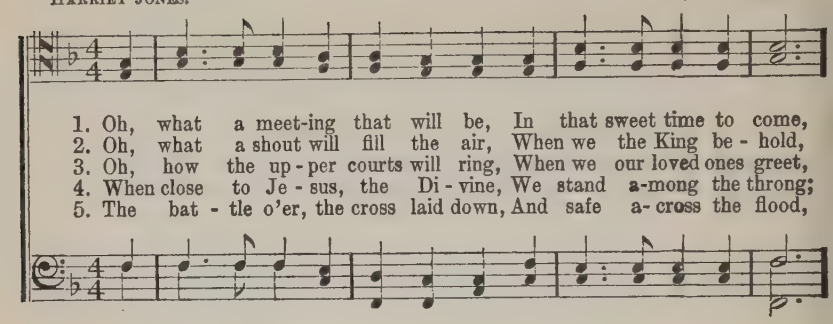
11 Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.

ANDREW REED. ARR. from GOTTSCHALK.

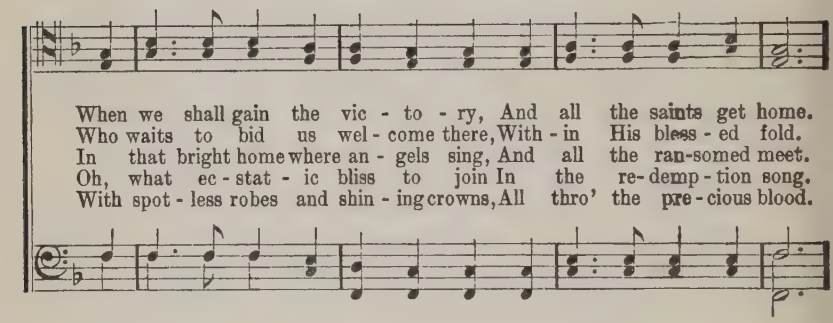


When All the Saints Get Home.

HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

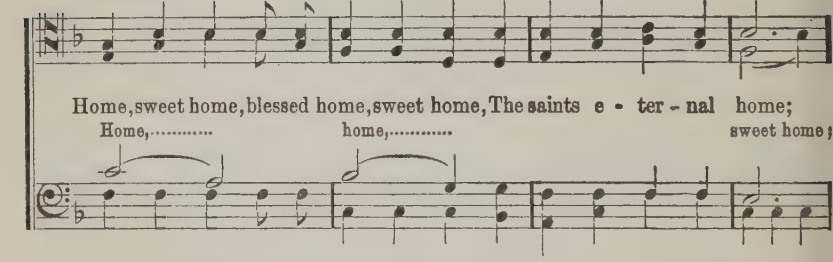


1. Oh, what a meet-ing that will be, In that sweet time to come,
2. Oh, what a shout will fill the air, When we the King be - hold,
3. Oh, how the up - per courts will ring, When we our loved ones greet,
4. When close to Je - sus, the Di - vine, We stand a-mong the throng;
5. The bat - tle o'er, the cross laid down, And safe a- cross the flood,

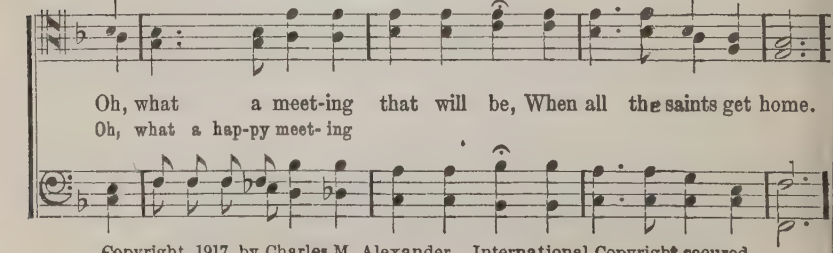


When we shall gain the vic - to - ry, And all the saints get home.
Who waits to bid us wel - come there, With - in His bless - ed fold.
In that bright home where an - gels sing, And all the ran-somed meet.
Oh, what ec - stat - ic bliss to join In the re- demp - tion song.
With spot - less robes and shin - ing crowns, All thro' the pre - cious blood.

CHORUS.



Home, sweet home, blessed home, sweet home, The saints e - ter - nal home;
Home,..... home,..... sweet home;



Oh, what a meet-ing that will be, When all the saints get home.
Oh, what a hap-py meet- ing

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Where Shall I Be?

NATHANIEL NORTON. C. ZOLLNER, arr.

Largo. *Vivace.*

1. Where shall I be? When the con - flict and doubt and the
2. Where shall I be? When I cross the dark val - ley my
3. Where shall I be? My Sav - iour, with Thee, in the

strug - gles are o'er, And the world with its pleas - ures for
Lord I shall see, His rod and His staff my
home of the blest, With no dan - ger to fear, with no

me are no more. And my soul stands a - lone on e -
com - fort shall be, Till I come to that home He has
troub - le op-preesed, In the man - sions of light, in the

Coda to last verse.
Largo.

ter - ni-ty's shore: Where shall I be?
cho - sen for me: There shall I be. *p*
ha - ven of rest: There shall I be. Yes! there shall I be.

Sing a Song of Cheer!

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the skies look dark and drear, Sing a lit - tle song of cheer,
2. Skies are shin - ing in the night, Send - ing down their sil - ver light,
3. Sing a lit - tle song of cheer When as - sailed by doubt or fear,

Just for - get the ma - ny wor-ries and the woes, Tho' no earth - ly
God is still with - in His heav-en up a - bove, Round a - bout you
When your soul cries out a - mid the storm and stress, There's a Friend di -

help is near, your Fa-ther knows; If the days are bright or dim,
is His ev - er - last - ing love; Joy or pain, He know - eth best,
vine who ev - er waits to bless, Do not try to un - der - stand,

CHORUS.

Let your heart be glad in Him.
Smile and leave to Him the rest.
Just have faith and hold His hand.

Sing a song of cheer in the
Sing a song of

morn - ing, Sing a song of cheer in the night;
cheer in the morn-ing, Sing a song of cheer in the night

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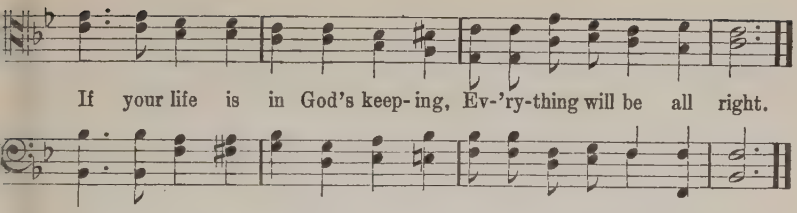
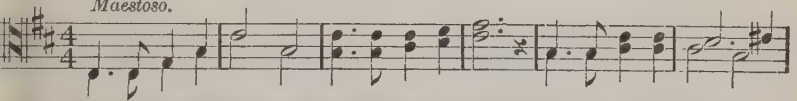
Sing a Song of Cheer!



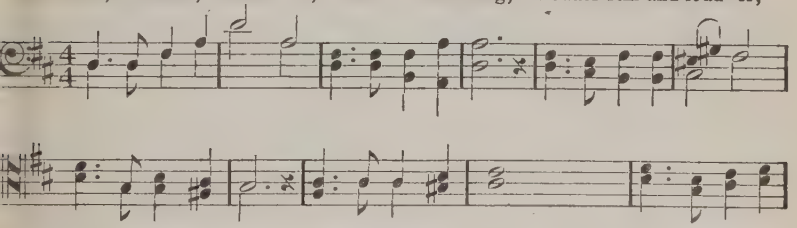
15 Praise, O Praise Jehovah!

EL NATHAN. LOUIS SPOHR.

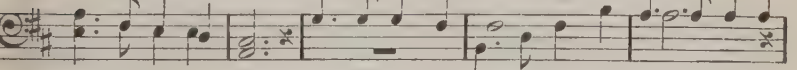
Maestoso.



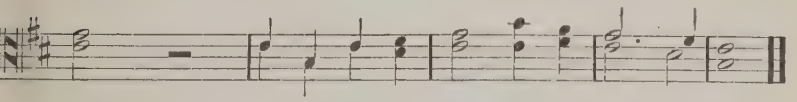
1. Praise, O praise Je-ho-vah, Earth and sea and skies; Soft-ly let the ech - o
2. It is good to praise Thee, Lord of earth and heav'n; Thou for us hast suffered,
3. Thee, O Christ, we hon - or, 'Tis of Thee we sing; Louder still and loud- er,



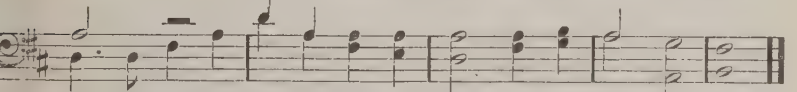
Of our prais-es rise. Sweet-est prais-es sing To our heav'nly
Thou Thy life hast giv'n. On - ly good art Thou, Glad - ly here we
Shall Thy prais-es ring. Ho - ly, heav'nly Lord, Be by all a -



Sweet-est prais-es sing,
On - ly good art Thou,
Ho - ly, heav'nly Lord,



King, Sweet-est prais- es sing, To our heav'n - ly King.
bow, On - ly good art Thou, Glad- ly here we bow.
dored, Ho - ly, heav'nly Lord, Be by all a- dored.



To our heav'nly King, sweet praises sing, To our heav'n - ly King.
Glad - ly here we bow, for good art Thou, Glad- ly here we bow.
Be by all a- dored, O heav'nly Lord, Be by all a - dored.

There's a Hill Lone and Gray.

R. CARRADINE. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a hill lone and gray, In a land far a - way, In a
2. Hark! I hear the dull blow Of the ham - mer swung low, They are
3. How they mock Him in death To His last la-b'ring breath, While His
4. Then dark - ness came down, And the rock, rent a-round, And a
5. Let the sun hide its face, Let the earth reel a - pace, O - ver

coun - try be - yond the blue sea, Where be-neath that fair sky Went a
nail - ing my Lord to the tree! And the cross they up-raise While the
friends sad - ly weep by the way! But though lone - ly and faint, Still no
cry pierced the grief - la - den air; 'Twas the voice of our King, Who re -
men who their Sav - iour have slain! But be - hold from the sod, Comes the

Man forth to die, For the world, and for you and for me.
mul - ti - tude gaze On the blest Lamb on dark Cal - va - ry.
word of complaint, Fell from Him on the hill lone and gray.
ceived death's dark sting, All to save us from end - less de - spair.
blest Lamb of God, Who was slain but is ris - en a - gain!

CHORUS.

Oh, it bows down my heart, And the tear-drops will start, When in

mem-'ry that gray hill I see; For 'twas there on its side Je - sus

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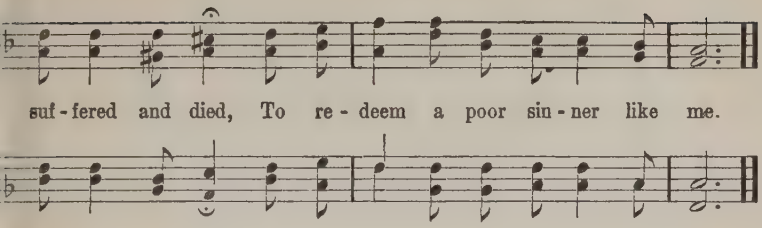
There's a Hill Lone and Gray.

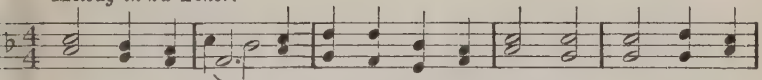


7

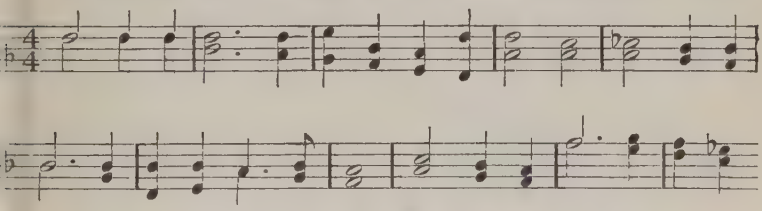
We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

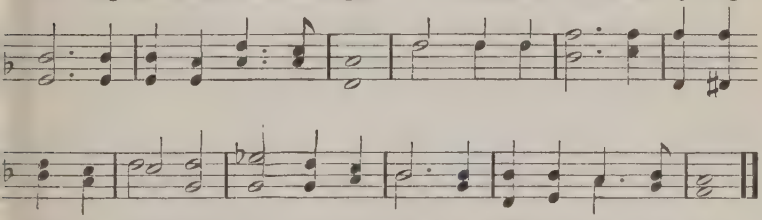
Melody in 2d Tenor.



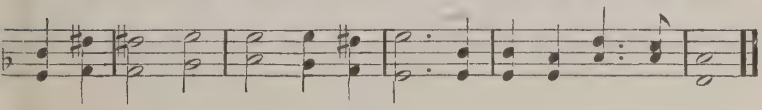
1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length- en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foun-da - tion Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and



lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus—our weak
feet were set with sov -'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
years we have re-joiced to see; The bless-ings of our pil- grim -
will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,



faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
age are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
ris - en, plead - ing, Then wel-come day, and fare- well mor - tal night!



I Sing of the Homeland.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O'er all the hills of home-land, And thro' its peace-ful vales,
2. My Sav-iour dwells in home-land, He's fair - est of the fair,
3. There is no death in home-land, No fun - 'ral dirg - es toll,

The mu - sic of the ran - somed Is float-ing on the gales;
My friends who left me lone - ly, Are wait- ing for me there;
There is no sad, sad fare - well, No wea- ry, sin - sick soul;

A trav- 'ler to that coun - try,— Our Fa-ther's fold a - bove,
A worn and wea - ry trav - 'ler, I go to share their bliss,
Christ bring us all to know Him, And save us by His truth,

Here on the shores of earth-land, I sing of the home of love.
Far from my na - tive coun - try, I faint on the sands of this.
God grant we find in home-land, The bloom of e - ter - nal youth.

CHORUS.

I sing of home and the home-land, Its joy and its beau- ty rare,

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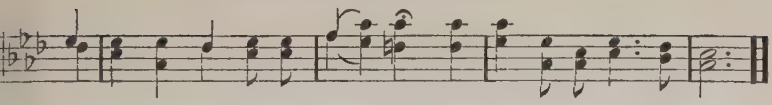
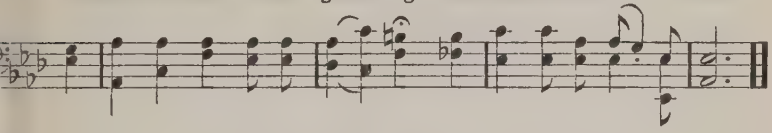
I Sing of the Homeland.

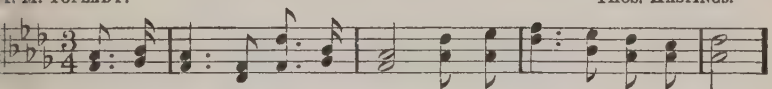


And smile to think of the greet - ing That waits for me o - ver there.

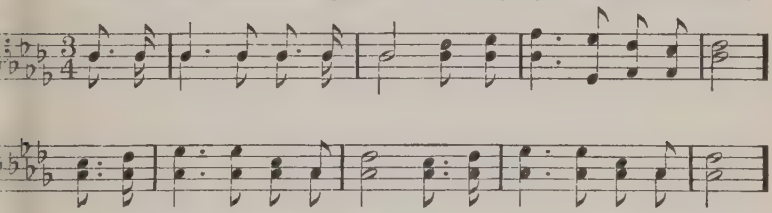


9 Rock of Ages.

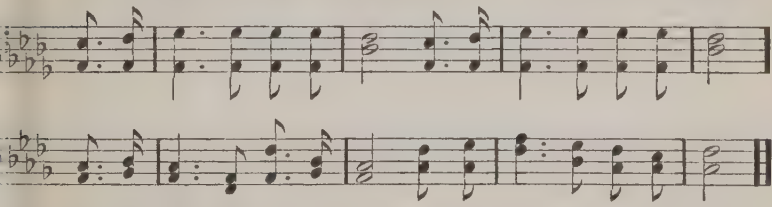
A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.



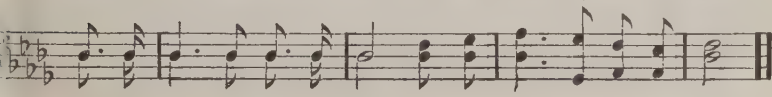
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil the law's de-mands;
3. Noth- ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet- ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help- less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne—



Be of sin the doub - le cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone—Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.



My Sins.

M. McCheyne. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold of me,.....
2. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour, How sad on Thee they fall!.....
3. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! Their guilt I nev - er knew.....
4. Therefore my songs, my Sav - iour, E'en in this time of woe,.....

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly Christ to Thee.
Seen thro' Thy gen - tle pa - tience, I ten - fold feel them all.
Till with Thee in the des - ert, I near Thy pas - sion drew
Shall tell all Thy great good - ness To suf-f'ring man be - low;

In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace
I know they are for - giv - en, But still, their pain to me
Till with Thee in the gar - den, I heard Thy plead - ing pray'r
Thy good - ness and Thy fa - vor, Whose pres - ence from a - bove

My shad - ow and my sun - shine The bright-ness of Thy face.
Is all the grief and an - guish They laid, my Lord, on Thee.
And saw the sweat-drops blood . y, That told Thy sor - row there.
Makes glad those hearts, my Sav - iour, That live in Thee and love.

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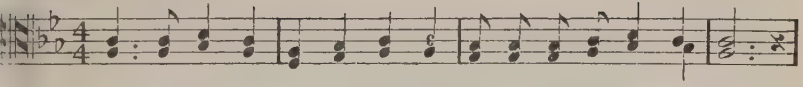
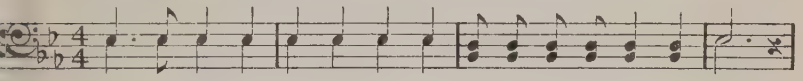
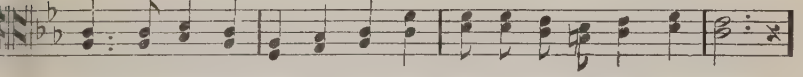
O 'Twas Love.

HARRIET H. PIERSON. D. B. TOWNER.

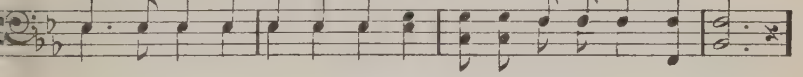


1. O 'twas love that bro't my Sav-iour From the Father's home of light;
2. O 'twas love that bro't my sor-rows, Bat-tled with the tempest's pow'r;
3. O 'twas love that paid my ran-som On the Cross or sac - ri - fice;
4. Come, O come to Christ, my Sav-iour! Love di-vine its work has done;





Love that sought my soul to res-cue From the depth of sin's dark night.
Bowed with an-guish in the gar-den, At the lone - ly mid-night hour.
Bought for me a life e - ter-nal, And the joy of Par - a - dise.
Here is life, and peace, and par-don, Of-fered free to ev - 'ry one.



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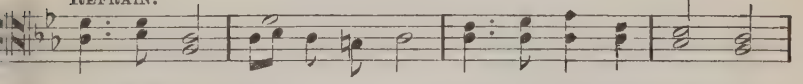
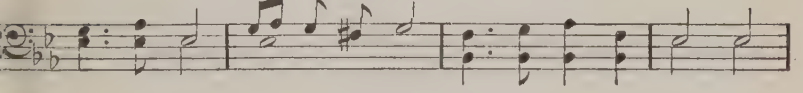


O 'twas love, love, Love di - vine that saved me,
O it was love.



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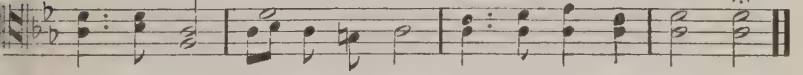
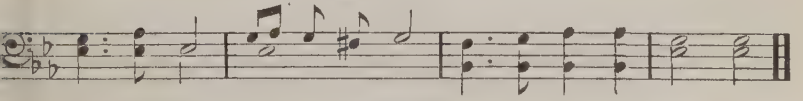


O 'twas love, love, Love di - vine that saved me.
O it was love.



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"I'll Stand By Until the Morning."

D. W. WHITTLE. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help-less bark,
2. Wea - ry, help - less, hope-less sea - men Faint - ing on the deck,
3. On a wild and storm-y o - cean, Sink - ing 'neath the wave,
4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,

On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
With what joy they hail the Sav - iour, As He hails the wreck!
Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
Leave the wreck and in Him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

CHORUS.

Joy,.. ..... behold the Sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,
Joy, O joy, be - hold the Saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear.

"I'll stand by un - til the morn-ing, I've come to save you, do not fear,"

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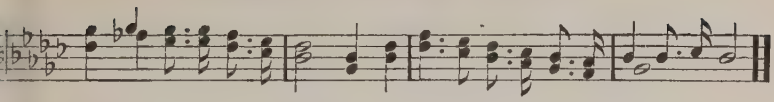
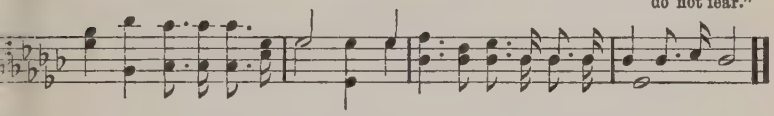
"I'll Stand By Until the Morning."



"I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear."

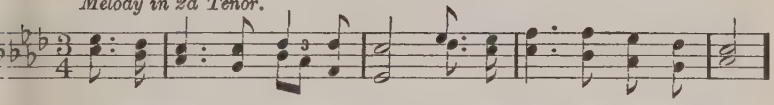
"do not fear."



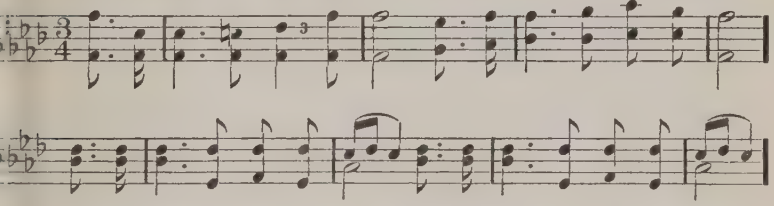
33 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

Melody in 2d Tenor.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last, I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar



Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rious waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

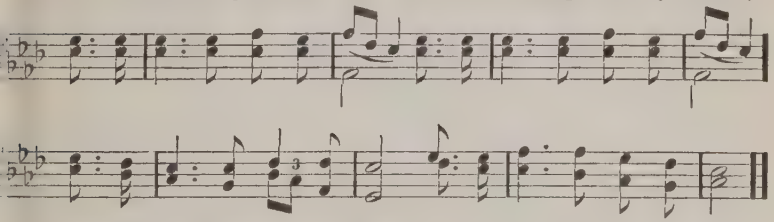
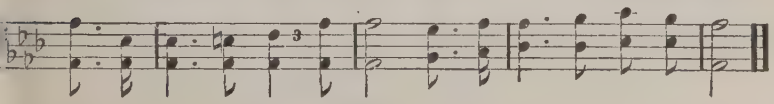


Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



It is His Will.

REV. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ

1. I ask not why.....some days are fair,..... Why some
2. By paths un - known..... to me He leads,..... Thro' des-
3. It is His will..... and I am blest,..... With Him

1. I ask not why some days are fair,

filled.....with grief and care;..... I ask not why,.....
wilds..... or flow-'ry meads;..... Where'er I go.....
God,..... I leave the rest;..... By troubled seas,.....
Why some are filled with grief and care, I ask not

but trust.ing still (but trust-ing still,) I on - ly know..... it is
He leads me still (He leads me still,)
by wa-ters still (By wa- ters still,) I on - ly know it

REFRAIN.

will..... It is His will,..... and I am sat - is-fied!
Is His will. It is His will, and I am ful - ly sat - is-

It is His will,..... nor want I aught be - side;
It is His will, nor want I aught on earth be -

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It is His Will.

I ask not why,..... but trust-ing still,.....
I ask not why! but trust-ing still.

I on-ly know..... it is His will.....
I on-ly know it is His will.

25 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Now to be-lieve, "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," Har-vest is past; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"

Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
Turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
Doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

go Thy way, Some more con-ve-nient day On Thee I'll call."
ing-'ring near. Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wand'rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wail, "Al-most, *but lost!*"

I Can Tell Jesus.

ELIZABETH MILLER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I can tell it all to Je - sus, All the tri - als of th
2. I can tell it all to Je - sus, Ev - 'ry sor - row, ev - 'ry
3. I can tell it all to Je - sus, And it brings my heart re

day; All the heart-aches and the bur - dens That o'er-take m
care; For He hears me and He bids me Leave my bur - de
lease; Aft - er ev - 'ry storm - y con - flict Comes a calm o

CHORUS.

on the way.
with Him there.
sweet-est peace.
} Oh, what com - fort it brings! O m

Oh, what com - fort it brings!

heart, how it sings! For my sor - row ta
O my heart, how it sings! For my sor

wings..... When I car - ry my bur - den to Je - sus
row takes wings

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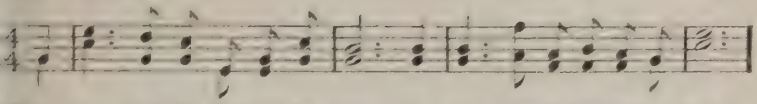
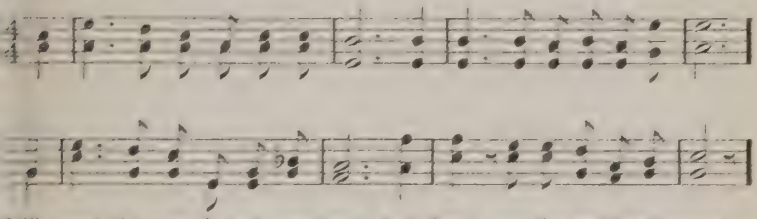
Some Time We'll Understand.

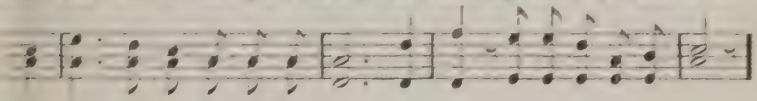
XWELL N. CORNELIUS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



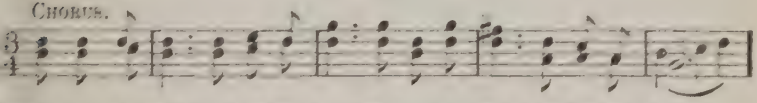
Not now, but in the com-ing years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
We'll catch the brok-en threads a-gain, And fin - ish what we here be - gan;
We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
Why what we long for most of all E - ludes so oft our eag-er hand;
God knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;



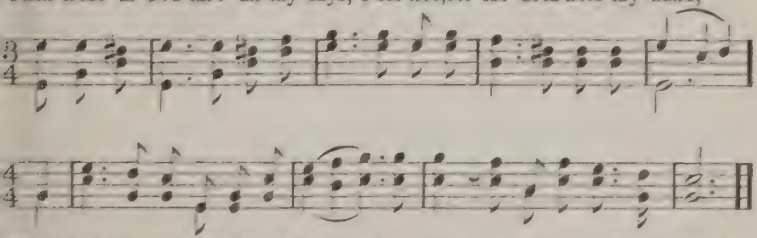
'e'll read the mean-ing of our tears, And there, some time we'll understand.
eav'n will the mys-ter - ies ex- plain, And then, ah, then, we'll un-der- stand.
'hy song has ceased when scarce be-gun—'Tis there, some time, we'll understand.
'hy hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, some time, we'll understand.
ome time with tear-less eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.



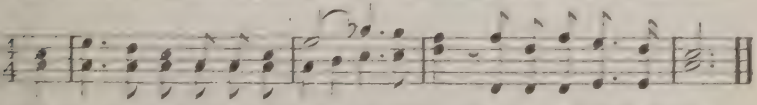
CHORUS.



Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;



Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise, Some time, some time, we'll understand.



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Arise! Quickly Arise!

N. B. S. Arr. by N. B. Sargent.

1. An an - gel came to Pe - ter one night, As he
2. The chains fell off as quick - ly he rose The
3. The i - ron gate swung o - pen that night, And
4. The an - gel comes to you oft - en-times, Your

slept in the pris - on drear; "A - rise up quick - ly!" we
sum - mons to o - bey, And wond - 'ring, tremb-ling, he
Pe - ter went bold - ly through; Now lis - ten, friend, wha
coun - sel - or and guide; Oh, hear his voice, an

words that fell On the start - led pris - 'ner's ear.
fol - lowed on, As the an - gel led the way.
ev - er your chain, There is free - dom this night for you.
fol - low him, And the gate will o - pen wide.

Chorus.

A - rise! quickly a - rise! Ye pris'ners in bondage to sin, There's

life that is bet-ter than this for you, And now is the time to be - gin.

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I Want My Life to Tell.

FRANK A. BRECK. E. S. LORENZ.

1. A - mid life's bus - y, hurrying throng, The gay, the sad, the weak, the strong,
2. I want to be a bea - con light To cheer way-far-ers in their night,
3. I want my life with Je - sus hid, That I may do as He shall bid;
4. To wealth and fame I would not climb, But I would know God's peace sublime,

While I am trav - el - ing a - long, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And help them on their way a - right; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
I want to love as Je - sus did; I want my life to tell for Je - sus.
And ev - 'ry-where and all the time, I want my life to tell for Je - sus.

CHORUS.

I want my life ..... to tell for Je - sus! I want my
I want my life

life..... to tell for Je - sus! That ev- 'ry-where I go
I want my life

Men may His goodness know, I want my life to tell for Je - sus!

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Sound the Word!

EL NATHAN. F. KUCKE

Maestoso.

1. Sound the word, gird on the sword, Let the trum - pet call b
2. Tar - ry not, the hour is late, Lo! He calls, we must n
3. Look to Him who goes be - fore, Christ, the might - y con - q

heard! Thro' the world the ti - dings ring,..... Tell
wait; To the fields while yet 'tis day,..... Har-
or! Face the foe, no dan - ger flee,..... Nev

1. Thro' the world..... the ti - dings ring,.....

CHORUS.

sto - ry of the King!
waits, the call o - bey!
can we vanquished be!
} Tell the old, old pre - cious sto -
Tell the old,..... old pre - cious sto -

crescendo.

Spread a- broad His won - drous fame; Let us live for Christ

poco dim. *f*

glo - ry, and ex - alt His might- y name; Let
His might-y name;

Sound the Word!

cres. *f* *ad lib.*

live for Christ and glo - ry, And ex - alt His might - y name!

1 Father of Eternal Grace!

MONTGOMERY. MOZART, ARR.

1. Fa - ther of e - ter - nal grace! Glo - ri - fy Thy - self in me;
2. Hap - py on - ly in Thy love, Poor, un-friend-ed, or un - known;
3. Hum- ble, ho - ly, all - re- signed To Thy will;—Thy will be done!
4. Count-ing gain and glo - ry loss, May I tread the path He trod;

Meek - ly beam- ing in my face, May the world Thine im - age see!
Fix my tho'ts on things a- bove, Stay my heart on Thee a - lone.
Give me, Lord, the per-fect mind Of Thy well- be - lov - ed Son.
Die with Je - sus on the cross, Rise with Thine, to Thee, my God.

Meek - ly beaming in my face, May the world Thine im - age see!
Fix my tho'ts on things a- bove, Stay my heart on Thee a - lone.
Give me, Lord, the per- fect mind Of Thy well - be - lov - ed Son.
Die with Je - sus on the cross, Rise with Thine, to Thee, my God.

Rock of Ages.

FR. ABT.

Slow and expressive.

p

hide..... my - self in

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Should my tears for-ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyelids close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side a heal - ing flood
All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne

pp *mf* *cresc. et ritard.* *f* *pp*

Be of sin the doub-le cure: Save from wrath and make me pure. Rock
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling. Rock
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee! Rock

p

of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide m

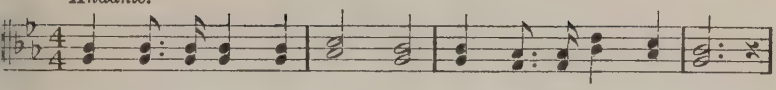
ff

self in Thee! Let me hide my - self in Thee!

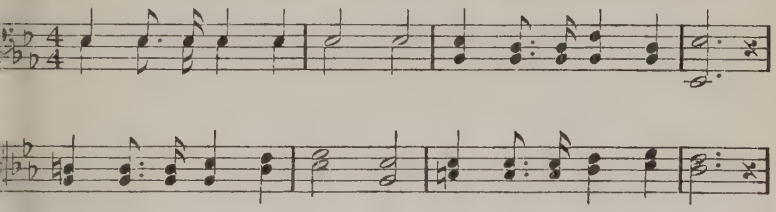
Secret Prayer.

D. B. Towner.

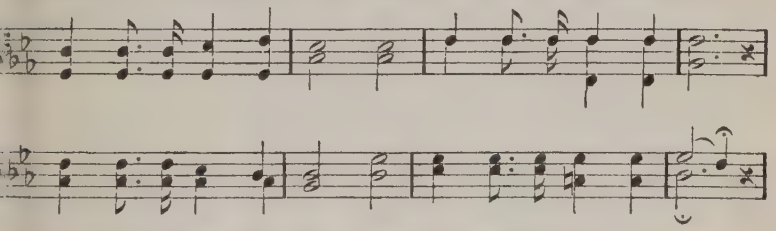
Andante.



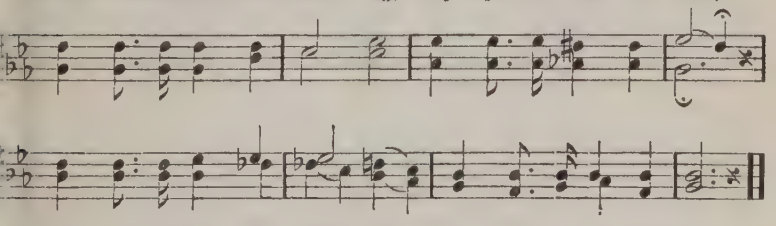
1. Go when the morn- ing shin - eth, Go when the moon is bright;
2. Think then of all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;
3. Or, if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray;



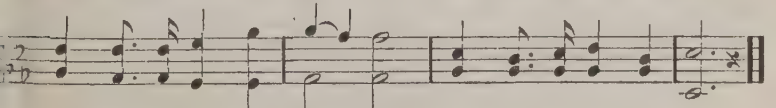
Go when the eve de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If an - y such there be;
Should ho - ly tho'ts come o'er thee, When friends are round thy way;



Go with an hum - ble feel - ing; Put earth-ly tho'ts a - way,
Then for thy-self in meek - ness, Hum - bly a bless - ing claim,
E'en then the si - lent breath - ing, Thy spir - it lifts a - bove,



And to the Mas - ter kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
Blend - ing with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re-deem-er's name.
Will reach His throne of glo - ry, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.



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Ashamed of Jesus.

JOSEPH GRIGG. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! soon-er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star;
3. A-shamed of Je-sus! yes, I may When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
4. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then, I boast a Saviour slain,

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine
No tears to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save
And oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

CHORUS.

A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear-est Fri

A-shamed of Je - - - sus! that dear Friend,.....

On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pe

On whom my hopes..... of heav'n de - pend,.....

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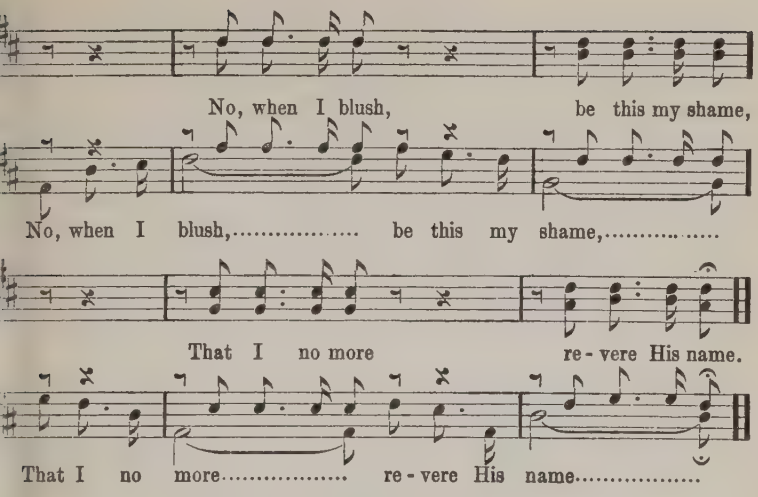
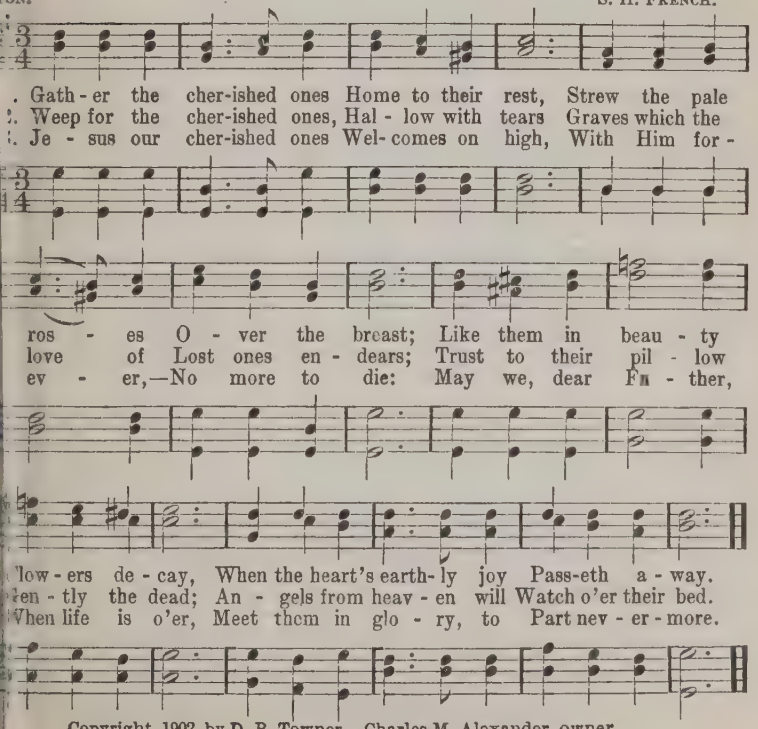
Ashamed of Jesus.



Home to Their Rest.

ON. S. H. FRENCH.



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Tell Jesus.

ANON. EDWARD M. FULLE

1. When thou wak-est in the morning, Ere thou tread the un - tried
2. In the calm of sweet com-mun-ion Let thy dai - ly work be d
3. Then as hour by hour glides by thee, Thou wilt bless-ed guid-ance k
4. And if wea - ri - ness creep o'er thee, As the day draws to a c

Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com-ing bus - y
In the peace of soul out-pour-ing Care be ban-ished, pa-tience
Thine own bur-dens be - ing lightened, Thou canst bear an - oth - er's
Or if sud-den fierce temp-ta-tion Bring thee face to face with

Wheth-er sunbeams prom - ise brightness, Whether dim fore-bod - ings
And if earth with its enchantments Seeks thy spir - it to en-
Thou canst help the weak ones on-ward, Thou canst raise up those that
In thy weak-ness, in thy per - il, Raise to heav'n a trust - ful

Be thy dawn-ing glad or gloom-y, Go to Je - sus—tell Him
Ere thou lis - ten, ere thou an-swer, Go to Je - sus—tell Him
But re - mem-ber, while thou serv-est, Still tell Je - sus—tell Him
Strength and calm for ev - 'ry tri - al Come in tell - ing Je - sus

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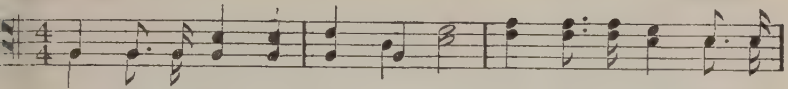
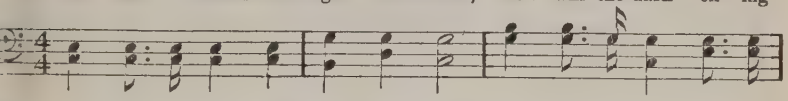
Soldiers of Christ, Arise!

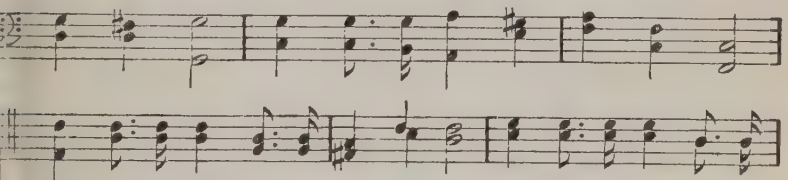
ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.



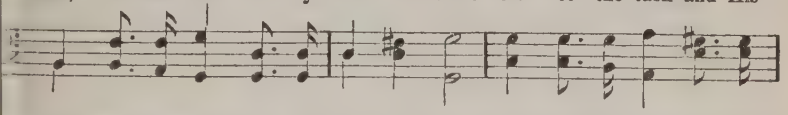
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, a - rise, See how the foe stands in
2. Sol - diers of Christ, why will you wait? See how the en - e - my
3. Sol - diers of Christ, the night draws near, Soon will the dark - en - ing



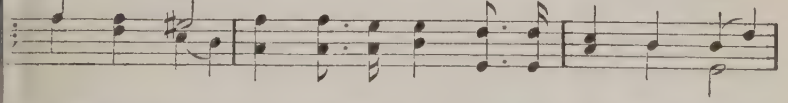
strong ar - ray; Dark are the sin - clouds in the skies,
wax - es strong; Sub - tle and swift and full of hate,
day be done; Soon will the might - y King ap - pear,

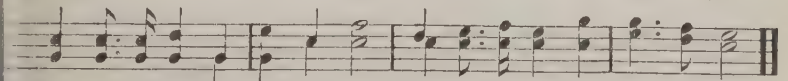


Dark are the deeds of this e - vil day. Sa - tan is do - ing his
Bind - ing His cap - tives a - mid the throng. Rise in your cour - age and
Rise, for the vic - to - ry shall be won. On to the task and His

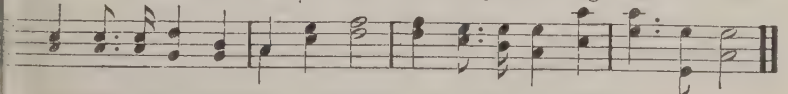


best to win, Driv - ing the de - mons of hell and sin;
smite the foe, Your great Com-mand - er now bids you go;
word ful - fill, On to the task, 'tis the Mas - ter's will.





Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, a - rise, Of - fer your liv - ing sac - ri - fice!



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Angels of Jesus.

FREDERICK W. FABER. IRA B. WILSON.

Solo or Unison

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's gre
2. Far, far a- way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing- ing, "Come, wea-ry
4. An - gels sing on, your faithful watches keep - ing, Sing us sweet

fields and o-cean's wave-beat shore, How sweet the truth thos
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by
souls, for Je - sus bids you come"; And thro' the dark its
frag - ments of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy sha

blessed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
ech-oes sweet-ly ring- ing, The mu- sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
end the night of weep-ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pil-grims of the night; An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of

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Angels of Jesus.

To wel - - - - come the

light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night.

Help Me to Be Holy.

J. Gordon, D. D. D. B. Towner.

1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa- ther of light;
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Sav-iour di - vine;
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine;

Guilt - bur-dened and low - ly, I bow in Thy sight,
Why con - quer so slow - ly This na - ture of mine?
Come, sanc - ti - fy whol - ly This tem - ple of Thine;

How shall a stained con - science Dare gaze on Thy face;
Stamp deep - ly Thy like - ness Where Sa-tan's hath been;
Now cast out each i - dol, Here set up Thy throne;

E'en though in Thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place?
Sub - due with Thy bright - ness My dark-ness and sin.
Reign, reign, with- out ri - val, Su - preme and a - lone.

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Looking This Way.

J. W. V. J. W. VAN DEVENTER

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - in
2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - m
3. Broth-er and sis - ter, gone to that clime Wait for the oth - e
4. Sweet lit- tle dar - ling, light of the home, Look- ing for some - o
5. Je - sus the Sav - iour, bright Morning Star, Look- ing for lost o

look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair
wait for the sail, Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
com- ing some time; Safe with the an - gels, whit- er than snow
beck- on - ing "Come!" Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew,
stray-ing a - far, Hear the glad mes-sage,—why will you roan

p *ad lib.* CHORUS.

Wait - ing and watch- ing pa- tient- ly there.
In - to the har - bor near to their side.
Watching for dear ones wait-ing be - low.
Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er for you.
Je - sus is call - ing: "Sin- ner, come home!"
} Look-ing this way,

look-ing this way, Loved ones are waiting, Looking this way; Fair a

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Looking This Way.

rall. *pp* *ad lib.*

morn-ing, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

141 Heaven is My Home.

J. R. TAYLOR. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What tho' the tem - pest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There at my Sav - iour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be

des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand
pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home. Time's threat'ning win- try blast
glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest,

Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my
Soon will be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my
Those I love most and best, There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my

ad lib.

home; Heav'n is my fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
home; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
home; There, too, I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

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That Beautiful Land.

F. A. F. White. Mark M. Jones.

May be sung as a duet by 1st and 2d tenors.

1. I have heard of a land On a far a - way strand, In the
2. There are ev - er - green trees That bend low in the breeze, And thei
3. There's a home in that land At the Fa- ther's right hand; There ar

Bi - ble the sto - ry is told, Where cares nev - er come,
fruit - age is bright - er than gold; There are harps for our hands
mansions whose joys are un - told, And per - en - ni - al spring,

Nev - er dark - ness nor gloom, And noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.
In that fair - est of lands, And noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.
Where the birds ev - er sing, And noth-ing shall ev - er grow old.

Chorus.

In that beau - ti - ful land On the far a - way strand, No

storms with their blasts ev - er frown; The streets, I am told, A

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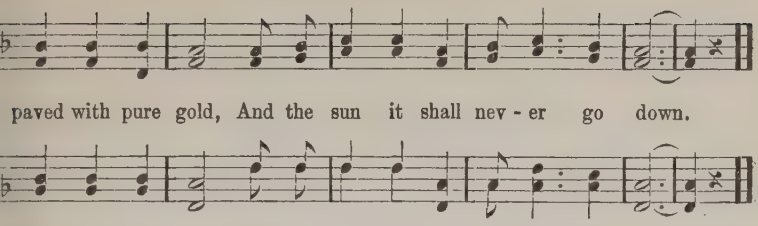
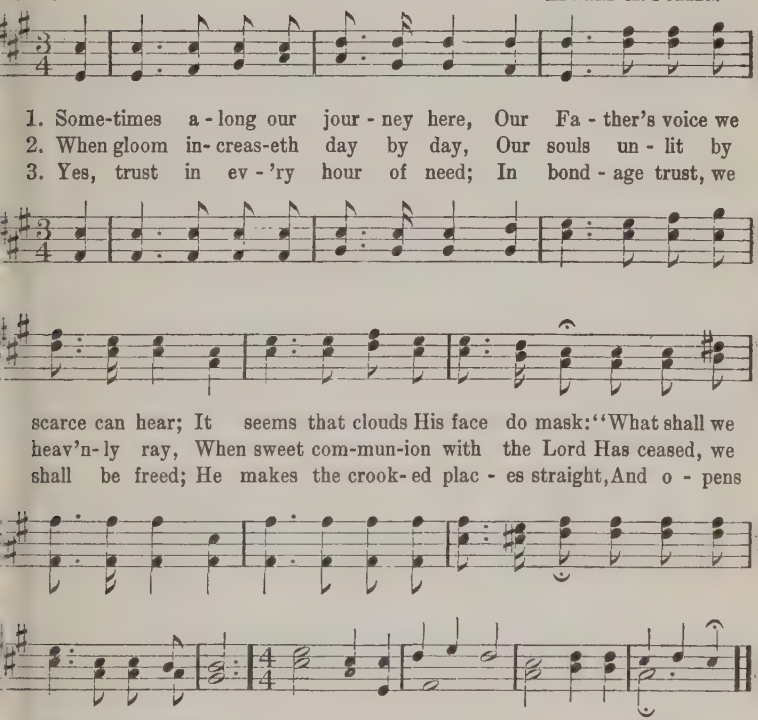
That Beautiful Land.



Trust.

J. H. B. EDWARD M. FULLER.



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The Better Land.

Arr. by Gurdon Robins. D. B. Towner.

1. There is a land mine eyes have seen In vis-ions of en-rapt-ured tho't
2. A land up - on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind A - cross the calm, se-rene a-bode;

So bright that all which spreads between Is with its ra-diant glo- ries fraught
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.
It hath no need of suns to rise To dis - si - pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find With-in the Par - a - dise of God.

Chorus.

O land of love,..... of joy and light,.....
O land of love, of joy and light

Thy glo - ries gild..... earth's dark-est night;.....
Thy glo-ries gild earth's dark-est night

Thy tran-quil shores..... we too shall see,.....
Thy tran-quil shores we too shall see

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The Better Land.

When day shall break,..... and shad - ows flee.
When day shall break,

45 Speed It On!

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H ROSECRANS.

1. Speed it—speed the Gos-pel call! Speed it on! Speed it on!
2. Speed it—speed the pre-cious hope! Speed it on! Speed it on!
3. Speed it—speed the joy- ful day! Speed it on! Speed it on!

Tell the glad good news to all: Speed it on! Speed it on!
To the souls that blind - ly grope, Speed it on! Speed it on!
When our King the world shall sway— Speed it on! Speed it on!

Till the drear - y lives shall be Thrilled with sud-den ec - sta - cy,
Till the clouds shall lift - ed be. And the tear-dimmed eyes shall see
When His cross the sign shall be Of a world-wide vic - to - ry,

And the world keep Ju - bi - lee— Speed it on! Speed it on!
Vis - ions of e - ter - ni - ty— Speed it on! Speed it on!
And man-kind at last be free— Speed it on! Speed it on!

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Gathering Home.

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

Solo. *Quartet.*

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev-'ry land, One by one! one by one!
2. We too must come to the riv - er - side, One by one! one by one!
3. Je - sus, Re-deem-er, we look to Thee, One by one! one by one!

As their wea - ry feet touch the shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one!
We are near-er its wa-ters each e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one!
We lift up our voic - es trembling - ly, Yes, one by one!

Duet or Quartet.

They rest with the Sav-iour, they wait their crown, Their trav - el-staine
We can hear the noise of the dash-ing stream, Oft now and a -
The waves of the riv - er are dark and cold, But we know the

gar - ments are all laid down; They wait the white rai - ment the
gain, thro' our life's deep dream; Some-times the dark floods all the
place where our feet may hold; O Thou who didst pass thro' the

Lord shall pre-pare For all who the glo - ry with Him shall share
banks o - ver-flow, Some - times in rip - ples and small waves go.
deep-est mid-night, Now guide us, and send us the staff and light

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Gathering Home.

REFRAIN.

Gath'ring home! gath-'ring home! Ford-ing the riv - er one by one!

Gath -'ring home! gath - 'ring home! Yes, one by one!

47 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOS. MOORE, and THOS. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE.

Duet.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher- e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray- ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

Quartet.

mer - cy- seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; Here speaks the Com - fort-er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love,

here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
ten - der- ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure."
come, ev- er know - ing, Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

Ever the Same.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. HARRY DIXON LOES.

1. Je - sus, Re-deem - er, mar- vel - ous Name, Liv- ing and lov - ing,
2. God of cre - a - tion, Rul - er on high, Sav-iour of sin - ners,
3. As in past a - ges, so to the end, "Faithful that prom-ised,

ev - er the same; Wondrous in work-ing, strong to de - fend, All thro' th
yet He is nigh; Once hath He spo- ken, "This is My Name, I am Je
He will be - friend; When we be- hold Him, blest be His Name, We will see

CHORUS.

a - ges, Saviour and Friend. } Changeless forev - er, fail-ing us
ho - vah," ev - er the same.
Je - sus, ev- er the same. } Changeless forev - er,

nev - - er, Prom- is - es spo - - ken, Ev - er un
fail- ing us nev - er. Prom- is - es spo - ken,

bro - - ken, Praise the de - fend - - er, lov - ing an
ev - er un - bro - ken, Praise the de - fend - er,

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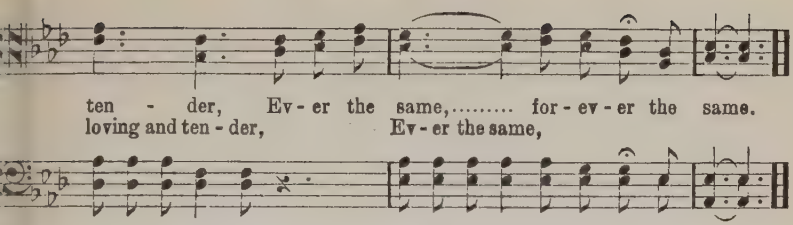
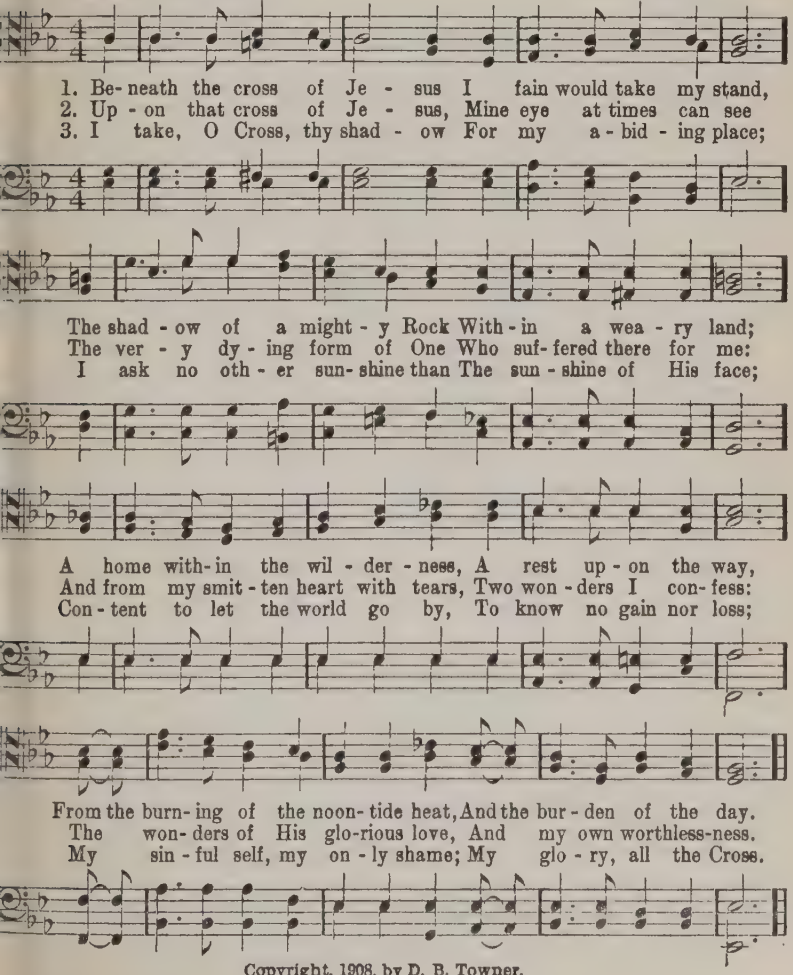
Ever the Same.



49 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. F. C. MAKER.
Melody in 2d Tenor. Arr. by D. B. T.



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50 A Thousand Years, O Blessed Story!

GUSTAVES E. HILLER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus shall reign, re - joice, ye na - tions, Ech - o it thro' this vale of tears! Je - sus shall reign a - midst His peo - ple, Reign on the
2. When He shall reign o'er all the king-doms, Ha - tred and wars shall be no more; Peace will pre - vail and raise her ban-ners O - ver the
3. Lift up your heads, ye strug-gling toil - ers! For your re - demp - tion draw-eth nigh; Glo - ry to God, the King is com - ing, Jus - tice shal
4. 'Tis the new day whose gold - en twi - light, Ab - ra - ham was so glad to see; 'Tis the glad age when truth shall tri-umph; 'Tis the grea

CHORUS.

earth a thou - sand years.
earth from shore to shore.
reign be - neath the sky.
year of ju - bi - lee!

A thou-sand years, O bless - ed sto - ry! Sung to the world by an - cient seers; Je - sus will come in pow'r and glo - ry, And He will reign a thou-sand years.

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Carry the Message.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Car - ry the mes - sage of Je - sus our King, Let the glad ti - dings ex - ult - ing - ly ring; Serv - ants of Je - sus, your Mas - ter o - bey, Rise, He is call - ing, oh, hast - en a - way!
2. Car - ry the mes - sage, with words of good cheer, Speak it to souls that are long - ing to hear; Tell it with ten - der - ness, pit - y and grace, Wear - ing the sun - shine of love in your face.
3. Car - ry the mes - sage, oh, speak for your Lord, Ask - ing nor seek - ing for hope or re - ward; Serv - ants of Je - sus, who walk in His light, Toil for His glo - ry for sake of the right.
4. Car - ry, oh, car - ry the mes - sage a - far, Tell it, if need be, wher - ev - er you are; Je - sus will help you His love to pro - claim, On - ly re - mem - ber to speak in His name.

CHORUS.

On to the front, with ban - ners un - furled, Toil for the Mas - ter, the field is the world.
On to the front, on to the front, then on to the front with ban - ners unfurled,

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52 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

JOHN NEWTON. D. B. TOWNER

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God
2. Sav-iour, if of Zi - on's cit - y I, thro' grace a mem-ber am,
3. Fad-ing is the worldling's pleasure, All his boast-ed pomp and show

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Formed thee for His own a - bode
Let the world de-ride or pit - y, I will glo - ry in Thy nam
Sol - id joys and last-ing treas-ure, None but Zi-on's chil-dren kno

CHORUS.

On the Rock of A - ges found - ed,

On the Rock..... of A - ges found - ed, What c

What can shake thy sure re - pose? With sal-va-tion's walls

shake..... thy sure re - pose? With sal - va - tion's walls

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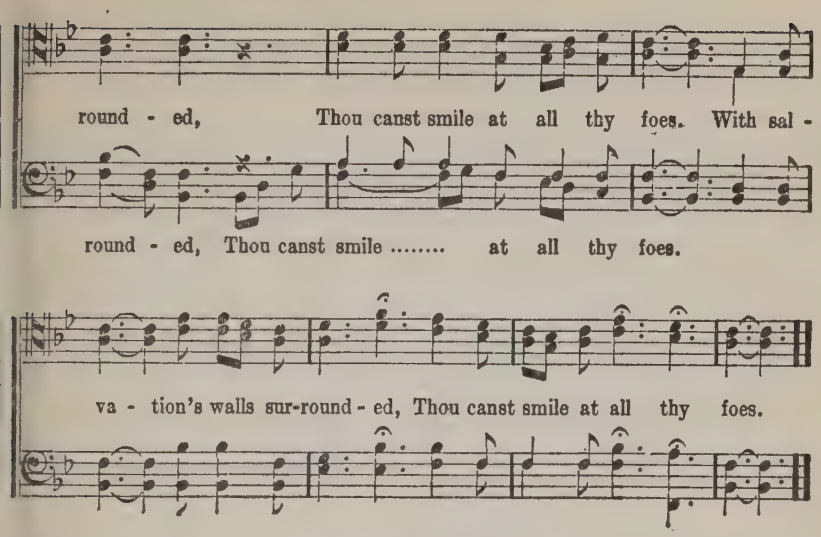
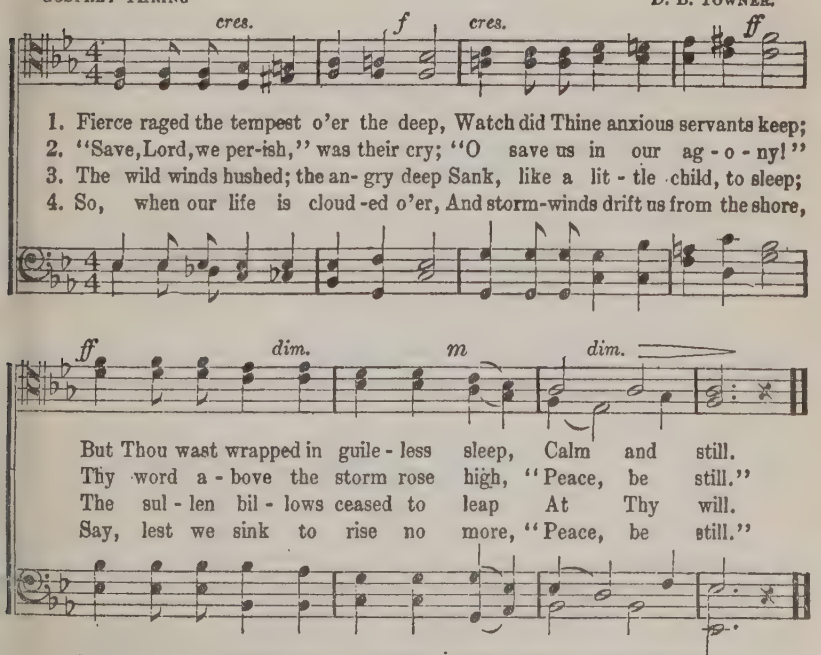


53 Peace, Be Still.

GODFREY THRING — D. B. TOWNER.



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The Song of the Soldier.

Arr. from FALKNER, by E. N. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Rise, ye chil - dren of sal - va - tion, All who cleave to Christ the Head;
2. Saints and he - roes long be - fore us Firm - ly on this ground have stood;
3. Deathless, we are all un - fear - ing, Life laid up with Christ in God;
4. Soon we all shall stand be - fore Him, See and know our glo - rious Lord;

Wake, a - rise! O mighty na - tion, Ere the foe on Zi - on tread.
See their ban - ners wav - ing o'er us, Con - quer - ors thro' Je - sus' blood.
In the morn of His ap - pear - ing Flow - eth forth a glo - ry flood.
Soon in joy and light a - dore Him, Each re - ceiv - ing his re - ward.

CHORUS. *m cres.*

Pour it forth a might - y anthem, Pour it forth..... a might - y Pour it forth a

an - them, Like the thun - - ders of the sea;
might - y an - them, Like the thun - ders of the sea

Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we, More than

More than Con - quer

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The Song of the Soldier.

con - quer-ors are we, More than con - quer-ors are

- quer-ors, conquerors, than conquerors are we, More than conquerors, conquerors, than

rit.

we, Thro' the blood of Christ our ransom, More than conquerors are we.

con-quer-ors are we,

55 The Resurrection Morn.

S. Baring-Gould. B. T. Worden.

1. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn-ing, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain;
2. Here a-while they must be part - ed, And the flesh its Sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn;
4. On that hap - py Eas- ter morn-ing All the graves the dead re - store,
5. Soul and bod - y re - u - nit - ed, Henceforth nothing shall di - vide,

No more sor - row, no more weep - ing, No more pain!
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright- est Eas - ter morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - is - fied.

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Drifting Away.

C. L. SHACKLOCK. D. B. TOWNER.

Duet and Chorus.

1. They are drift - ing a - way on the sea of life, On it
2. Let the bea - con of hope thro' the dark - ness shine, For th
3. They are drift - ing a - way from the light of home, They ar

foam - ing bil - lows tossed; They are wea - ry and faint with th
wand-'rers of the wave; There is mer - cy and love in th
los - ing man-hood's pride; They are wreck- ing their hopes for th

CHORUS.

fruit- less strife, In a mo-ment they'll be lost.
Fount di- vine, All the wrecked of earth to save.
life to come, They are drift - ing with the tide.

Drift - ing a

way,..... Drift - ing a - way,..... They are drift-i
Drift- ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way,

far - ther and far - ther a - way,.....
Far- ther and far - ther

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Drifting Away.

Drift - ing a - way,..... Drift - ing a - way,.....
way. Drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way,

rit. ad lib.

They are drift-ing far - ther and far - ther a - way.. .....
They are drift - ing far-ther a - way, far-ther a- way.

57 May I Come In?

ANON. D. B. TOWNER.

With feeling.

1. Be - hold me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ev - er- more,
2. I wore the cru - el thorns for thee; I list - en long and pa-tient - ly
3. There's surely room with-in thy breast For one more loving than the rest,
4. I would not have thee beat in vain My Father's door, and plead in pain,

ad lib.

With gen - tle voice a- bove the din,....."May I come in? May I come in?"
To hear thy footsteps from with-in,....."May I come in? May I come in?"
More lov- ing far than earth-ly kin, ..."May I come in? May I come in?"
When an- gels all heav'n's joys be-gin, ..."May I come in? May I come in?"

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Come, Spirit, Come!

MRS. HARRIET JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

Andante

1. Come, Spir-it, come,..... with light di - vine!..... Il - lu - mi
2. Dear Sav-iour, be..... my con-stant guide,..... My ev - er
3. A strong-er faith..... is my de - sire,..... A near-ness

1. Come, Spir - it, come, with light di - vine! Il -
2. Dear Sav - iour, be my con-stant guide, My
3. A strong-er faith is my de - sire, A

nate..... my soul;..... Come, soothe and cheer..... this heart of
pres - ent Friend;... O keep me near..... Thy bleed-ing
Lord,..... to Thee;..... O send just now..... the ho - ly

lu - mi-nate my wait-ing soul; Come, soothe and cheer thi
ev - er pres - ent, lov-ing Friend; O keep me near Thy
nearness, bless-ed Lord, to Thee; O send just now the

ad lib.

mine,..... And ev - 'ry foe..... con - trol.....
side..... Till all the strife..... shall end.....
fire,..... To ev - er dwell..... in me.....

heart of mine, And ev - 'ry in - ward foe con - trol.
bleed - ing side Till all the toil and strife shall end.
ho - ly fire, To ev - er sweet - ly dwell in me.

CHORUS.

Come, Spir - it, come, with light di - vine, De - scend, O heav'n-ly

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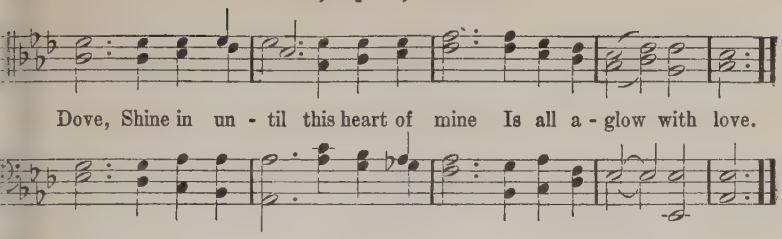
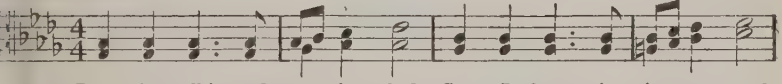
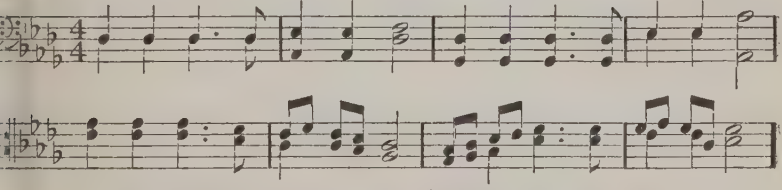
Come, Spirit, Come!

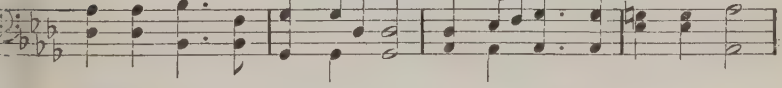


59 Love For All!

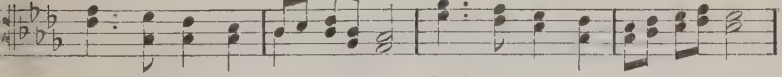
S. LONGFELLOW. D. B. TOWNER.

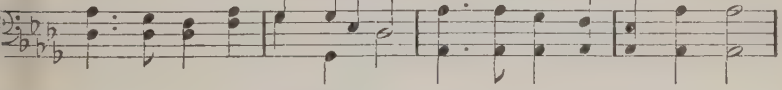


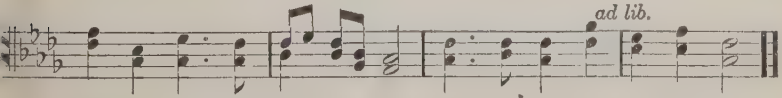


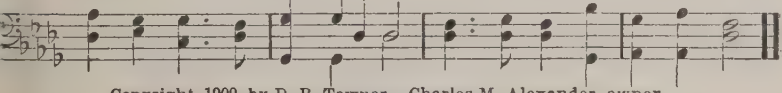


CHORUS.









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Victory Each Day.

JAMES ROWE. I. E. REYNOLDS.

1. With the Lord of Hosts to lead me I have naught to fear, For Hi
2. He is lead-ing me to glo-ry and I can-not fail, For I'm
3. I will tell of His re-deem-ing love in joy-ful song, And Hi

arm de-fends me all the way, Won-drous words of hope and
trust-ing in His might-y love; And though ma-ny foes sur
matchless name I will a-dore; There a-mid the realms of

cour-age I can plain-ly hear, And 'tis vic-to-ry with Him each day.
round me I shall still pre-vail, For my help and strength comes from abov
splendor with the bloodwash'd throng I will sing His praise for ev-er-more

CHORUS.

Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry each day, Je-sus
Je-sus gives me vic-to-ry each day, Je-sus gives m

gives me vic-to-ry al-way; Praise His ho-l
vic-to-ry each day; Praise His ho-ly name fo

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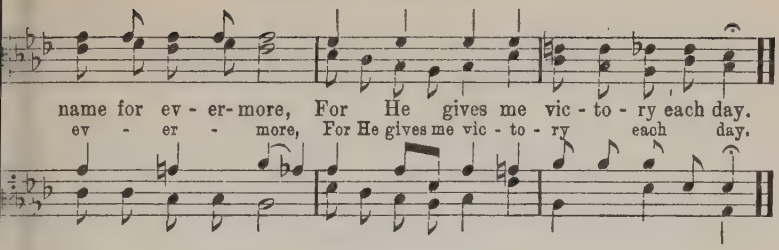
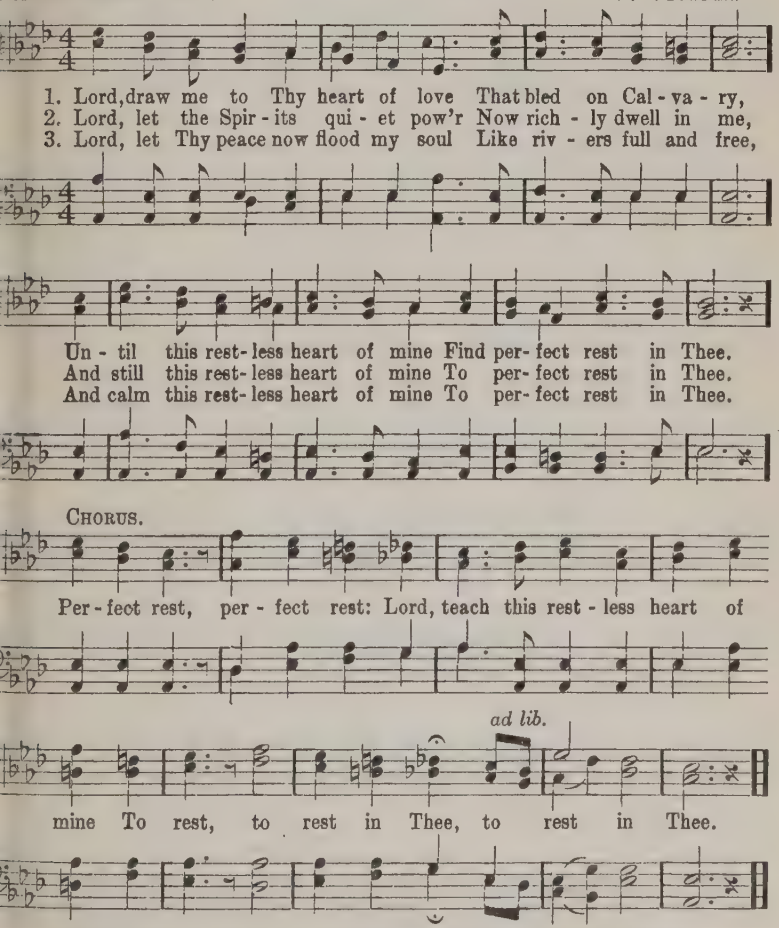
Victory Each Day.



11 Perfect Rest.

J. ALBERT SIMPSON REITZ. D. B. TOWNER.



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I Know It Is Done.

EVAN B. MCCULLOUGH. D. B. TOWNER

1. 'Tis set-tled at last and Je-sus is mine, I pass with the world,
2. why did I wait and add to my sins, A-fraid to come out w
3. For rich-es of grace I press with my claim, For ful-ness of God,

o-ver the line, Be-lieve with my heart on Je-sus the Son, T
glo-ry be-gins: But now I am free thro' Je-sus the Son, A
rest, and His flame: While looking with joy for Je-sus the Son, I

CHORUS.

Cal-va-ry's blood, I know it is done.
glo-ry to God, I know it is done.
seek for lost souls, I know it is done.
} I know it is done t

Je-sus the Son, There's nothing more sure can be, There's no one

true, so lov-ing, so good As Je-sus my Sav-iour to me.

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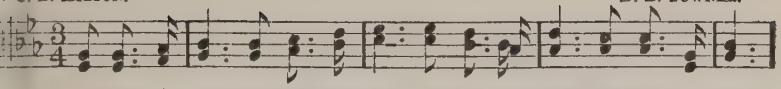
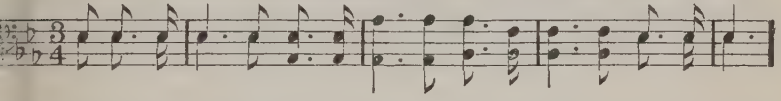
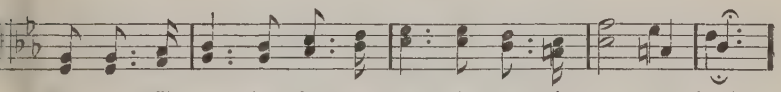
America, All Hail!

C. B. HILTON. D. B. TOWNER.

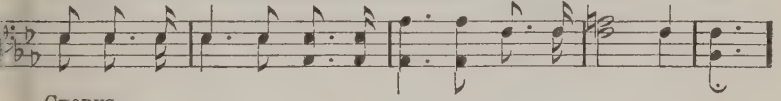


1. A - mer - i - ca, your chil-dren love The soil they tread, the sky a - bove;
2. A - mer - i - ca, your trad - ers bold In ev - 'ry land from days of old
3. A - mer - i - ca, your sail- ors brave Now face the threat of wind and wave
4. A - mer - i - ca, your sol- diers true Have courage still to dare and do;
5. A - mer - i - ca, your sons are strong; To you the fu-ture years be - long;

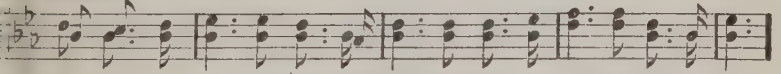




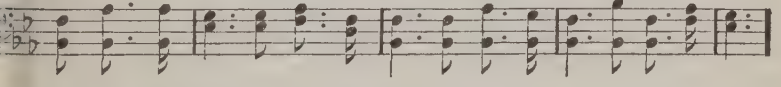
For you still yearn wher-e'er they rove. A - mer - i - ca, all hail!
Your good-ly mer - chan-dise have sold. A - mer - i - ca, all hail!
The hon - or of your name to save. A - mer - i - ca. all hail!
They'll storm the gates of death for you. A - mer - i - ca, all hail!
The world ac - claims with shout and song, A - mer - i - ca, all hail!

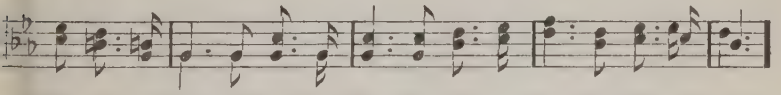


CHORUS.

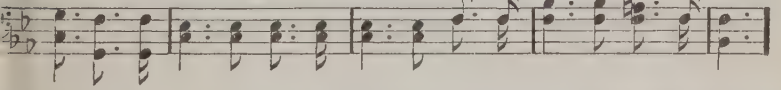


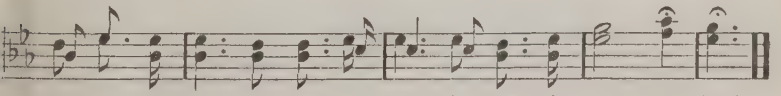
A - mer - i - ca, the na - tions see Your day of op - por-tu - ni - ty;



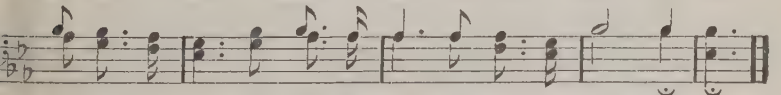


With pur-pose high and fear-less brow, The God of bat - tles guide you now.





All hail, all hail, A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca, all hail!



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Traveling Home.

J. Cennick. T. C. O'Kane, arr.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour-ney let us sing
2. Fear not, breth-ren, joy-ful stand On the bor-ders of our land
3. Lord, o-be-dient-ly we'll go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low

Sing our Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways
Je-sus Christ, our Fa-ther's Son, Bids us un-dis-mayed go on.
On-ly Thou our lead-er be, And we still will fol-low The

Chorus.

We are trav'ling home, trav'ling home to God
We are trav - - 'ling home to God In t
In the narrow way, way our fathers trod, They are hap-py now
way..... our fathers trod, They are hap - -
hap-py now, and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
now, and we

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I'll Never Turn Back Again.

JAMES M. GRAY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I've part - ed at last from the world ev - er - more, Passed o - ver its por - tal and barred the door, I've head - ed my bark for the heav - en - ly shore— And I'll nev - er turn back a - gain.
2. E - nough I have had of earth's pleas - ures and sin, I've fin - ished with Sa - tan and all his kin, I've end - ed the past, a new life I be - gin— And I'll nev - er turn back a - gain.
3. One glimpse I be - held of a won - der - ful face, One vis - ion of Je - sus, one touch of grace, One prom - ise I heard, which by faith I em - brace— And I'll nev - er turn back a - gain.
4. Tho' the night may be dark and storms may a - rise, Tho' Sa - tan may of - fer a tempt - ing prize; Yet ev - er on Christ I am keep - ing my eyes— And I'll nev - er turn back a - gain.

CHORUS.

I'll nev - er,..... nev - er,..... I'll nev-er turn back a - gain;
I'll nev - er turn back, no, nev - er turn back,

I'll nev - er, ... nev - er, No, nev - er turn back a - gain.
I'll nev - er turn back,

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The Sure Refuge.

F. S. SHEPHERD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Loud - ly roar the storms of sin, Fierce with-out and fierce with - in;
2. Strong temp-ta-tions now as - sail, What a-gainst them can pre - vail?
3. Now a - bove the foe a - rise, Seek to gain "th'immor-tal prize"

He a - lone can vic - t'ry win, Whose feet are on "The Rock."
He a - lone will sure pre - vail, Whose feet are on "The Rock."
Pow'rs of e - vil he de - fies, Whose feet are on "The Rock."

CHORUS.

"Rock of A - - ges," ref - uge sure, That for
"Rock of A - ges," ref - uge sure,

ev - - er will en-dure, 'Mid the storms..... it stands
That for - ev - er will en- dure, 'Mid the storms

cure, "Rock of A - - ges," ref- uge sure.
it stands se-cure, "Rock of A - ges," ref-uge sur

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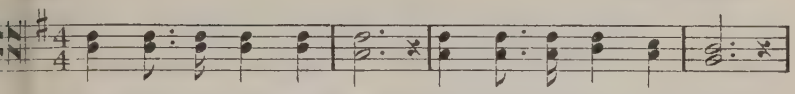
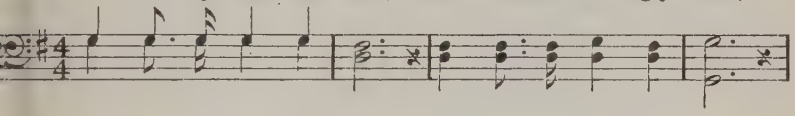
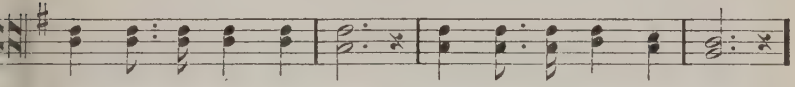
67 Jesus Will Let You In.

A. S. K. A. S. KIEFFER.

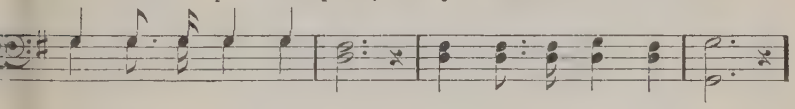


1. Come to our Fa - ther's house, Come, ere the day is gone;
2. Look at the wea - ry way, Look where thy feet have trod;
3. Dark - er thy path - way grows, Soon will the night come down;
4. Fly from the fields of sin, Fly for thy life to - day;
5. Here will thy soul find rest, Safe from each an - gry blast;

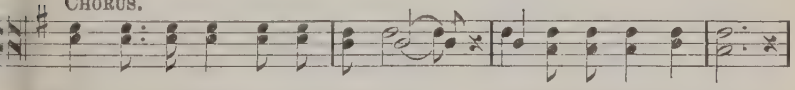




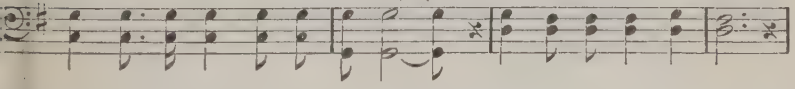
Tem - pests are gath- 'ring fast, Dark - ness is com - ing on.
Find - ing no rest, no peace, Wan-d'ring a - way from God.
Fierce - ly the light-nings flash, Dark - er the tem-pests frown.
Fly to our Fa - ther's house, En - ter the nar - row way.
Here find a per - fect peace, Joys that for - ev - er last.

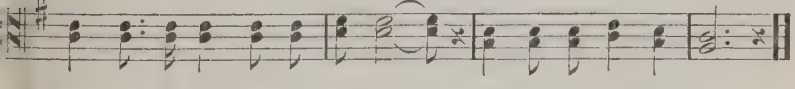


CHORUS.

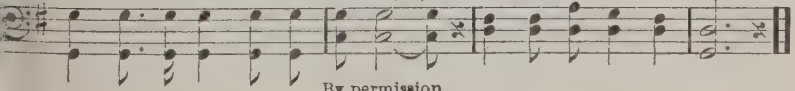


Fly! for the tem-pest is com-ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;





Knock at the por - tals of mer - cy, Je - sus will let you in.



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Cling to the Bible, My Boy!

WILL S. HAYES, arr. D. B. TOWNER.

Declamando.

1. As your jour - ney thro' life to the grave you pur- sue, There is
2. You may meet with mis - fort - une and sor-rows and tears, You ma
3. Put your faith in our Fa - ther and you will be strong, Keep you
4. Ev - 'ry time that you read it, you'll learn something new, Of
5. 'Tis the an - chor of hope, and the lamp that gives light, 'Tis the

one thing in ear - nest I wish you to do, Oh, list - en, m
bat - tle with sin and with Sa - tan for years, Be a Chris - tian, pre
eye on the cross and you'll nev - er go wrong, Sing the sweet songs of
Je - sus who died on the cross to save you, To the Lord, to you
star that will shine thro' your life's dark-est night, If you fol - low its

boy, while I say this to you,— Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my
on, do not have an - y fears, But cling to the Bi - ble, my
praise as you jour- ney a - long, And cling to the Bi - ble, my
self, and to heav - en be true, And cling to the Bi - ble, my
guid - ance you'll al-ways be right, Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my

* CHORUS.

boy..... Then cling to the Bi - ble, my boy,..... O

the Bi - ble, my boy,

* When sung as a solo, take the second Tenor.

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Cling to the Bible, My Boy!

cling to the Bi - ble, my boy,..... While liv - ing, or dy - ing, all the Bi - ble, my boy,

else let - ting go, Oh, cling to the Bi - ble, my boy.

69 Something for Thee.

S. Dryden Phelps. B. T. Worden.

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
2. O'er the blest mer - cy seat Plead - ing for me, Up - ward in faith I look, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear,
3. Give me a faith - ful heart Guid - ed by Thee, That each de - part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,
4. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, Ev - er in joy or grief, My Lord, for Thee: And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful-fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Of - fered to Thee.

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My Anchor Holds!

W. C. Martin. D. B. Towner.

1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest driv - en soul
2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with- in the deep
3. Troub- les al- most whelm the soul, Griefs like bil - lows o'er me roll

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow
An - gry clouds o'ershade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high
Tempters seek to lure a - stray, Storms obscure the light of day

I've an an - chor safe and sure, And in Christ I shall en - dure
Still I stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock
But in Christ I can be - hold,—I've an an - chor that shall hold

Chorus.

And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then,
And it holds,..... my an-chor holds; Blow your wiid - - e

gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall nev - er, nev-
then, ye gale,

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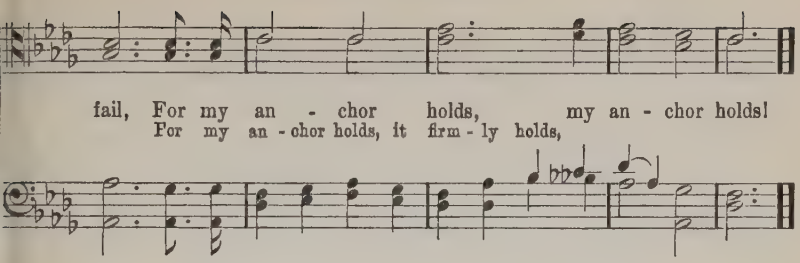
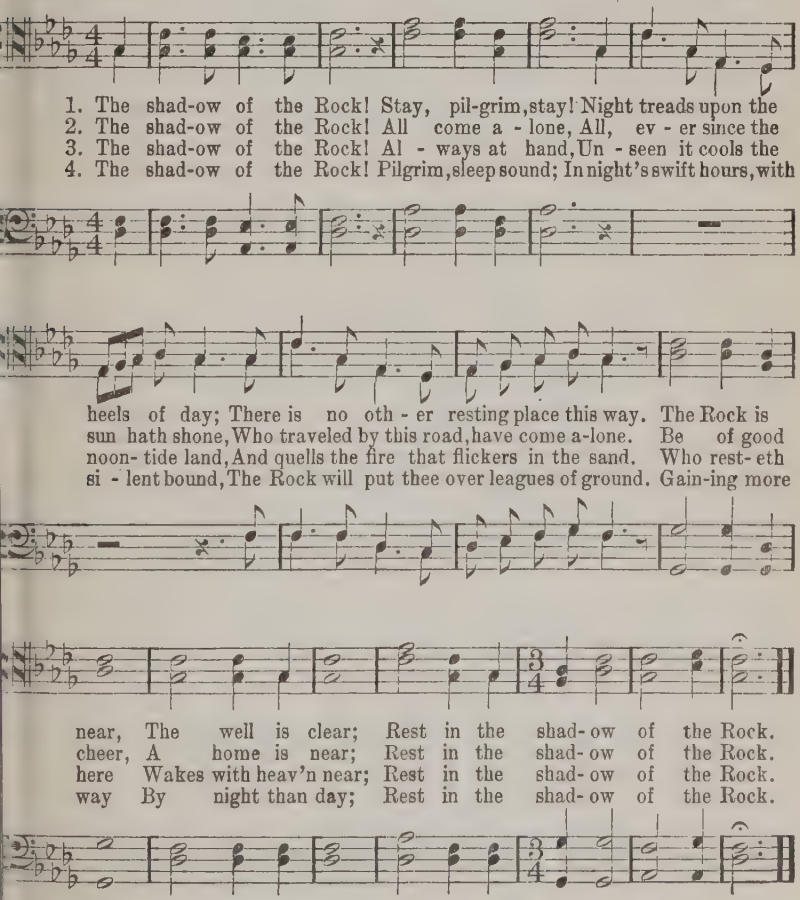


71 The Shadow of the Rock.

F. W. Fareb. Edward M. Fuller.



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The Holiest Name.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

Melody in the 2d Tenor.

1. Dear- est name in earth or heav- en, Sweetest name my heart hath known
2. To my heart it brings a bless - ing, And my lips take up the strain,
3. Oh, my soul would swell the cho- rus, Sing- ing His re-deem-ing love,

By the Fa - ther it was giv - en To His well - be - lov - ed Son.
And, His won-drous name con- fess- ing, Tell its sweet-ness o'er a - gain.
And as - cribe e - ter - nal prais-es To the name, all names a - bove.

CHORUS.

'Tis the ho - li - est name, 'Tis the ho - li - est name
Bless - ed name! Bless - ed name

From the Fa-ther's lips to the earth it came, Bro't by an-gels of light
Bless-ed nam

In the still-ness of night, Was the dear, dear name of Je - sus.
Bless- ed name!

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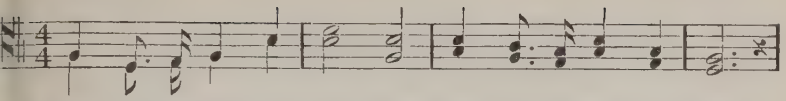
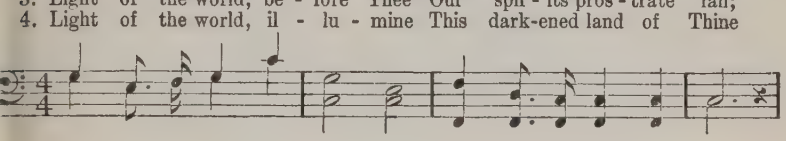
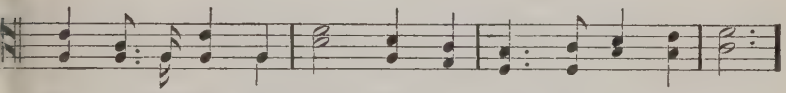
73 Light of the World.

J. S. B. Monsell. B. T. Worden.

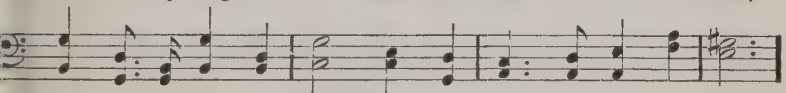


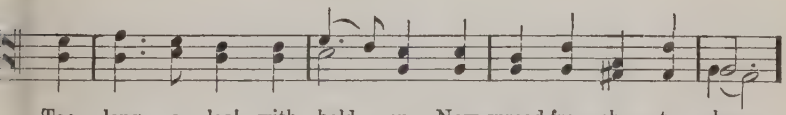
1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flash - ing the east - ern skies;
2. Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - 'ry heart,
3. Light of the world, be - fore Thee Our spir - its pros - trate fall;
4. Light of the world, il - lu - mine This dark-ened land of Thine



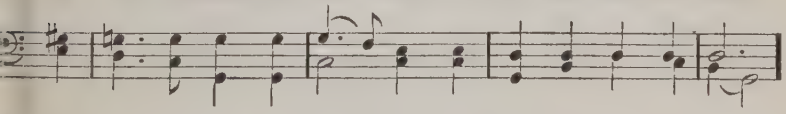


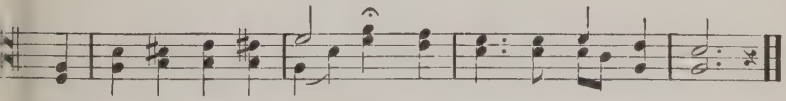
Nev - er shall dark- ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;
And glo - ri- fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, hum- blest part;
We wor- ship, we a - dore Thee; Thou Light, the Life of all;
Till ev - 'ry thing that's hu - man Be filled with what's Di - vine;



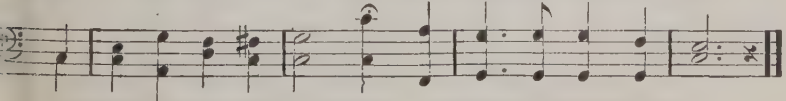


Too long, a - las! with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;
Thou rob - est in Thy splen - dor The sim - ple ways of men,
With Thee is not for - get - ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
Till ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion, From sin's do - min- ion's free,





Thy light so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.
And help- est them to ren - der Light back to Thee a - gain.
Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting, Thy sun - shine hath no shade.
Rise in the new cre - a - tion Which springs from Love and Thee.



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The Meeting Place.

G. B. Fields. Harry Dixon Loes.

Melody in 1st Bass.

1. Some day, some hap-py day,
1. Some day, some hap-py day, with all the good and true,
2. Some day, some hap-py day, be-yond the crys-tal tide,
3. Some day, some hap-py day there'll be no more good-bye

Where pain and parting end,
Where pain and part-ing end, be-yond the e-ther blue,
Our hearts that sorrowed here, shall there be sat-is-fied,
God's hand will re-u-nite the spir-it's bro-ken ties,

We'll join the glo-rious com-pa-ny a-bove, Where tears are wiped a-
We'll join the glorious company a-bove, Where tears are wiped away a
Then we shall know our King as we are known, And as to-geth-er we su
Where with the white-robed and re-joic-ing throng We, too, shall join the grand r

way and all is love.
all is love. In yon-der land of end-less day..... Wi
round the throne, Our joys and blessings will be one,..... An
demp-tion song, And sing through nev-er-end-ing time..... Th

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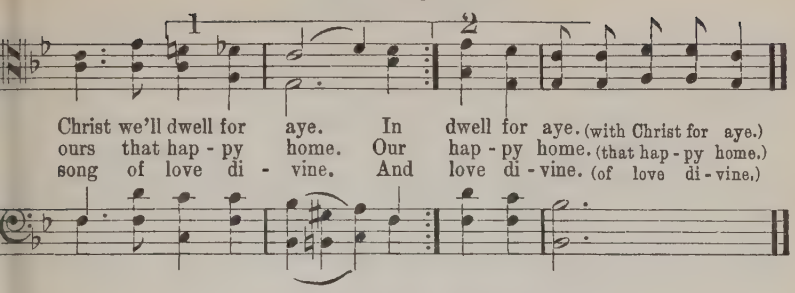
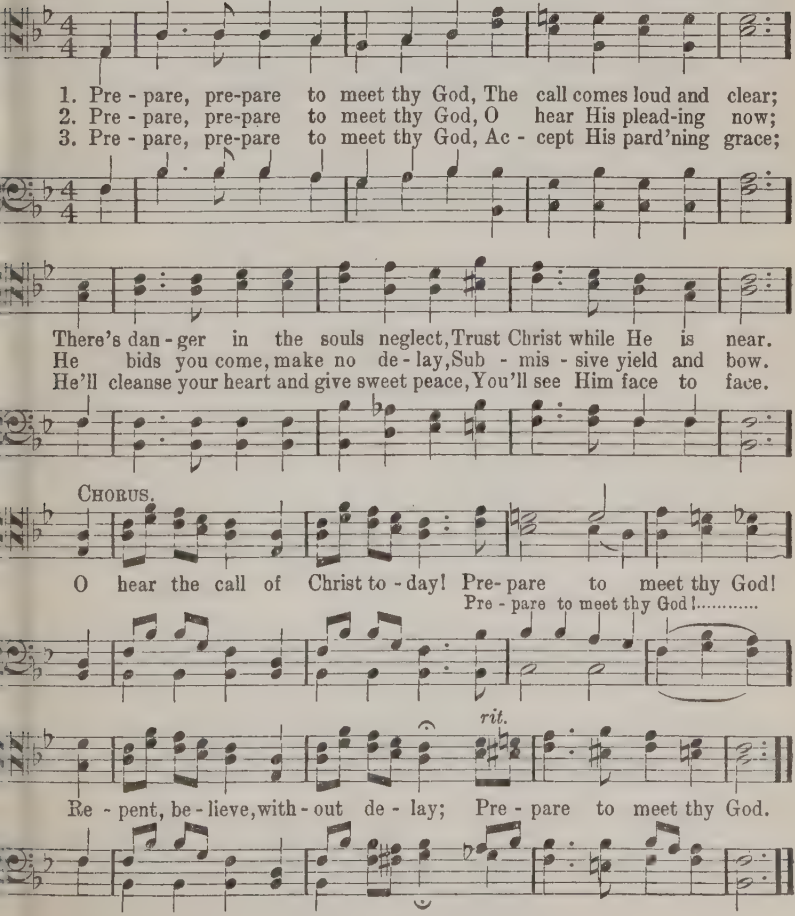


75 Prepare to Meet Thy God.

I. E. R. I. E. REYNOLDS.



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Be Not Deceived.

HARRIET FITHIAN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Be not de - ceived; each soul shall reap Its har-vest soon or late; Sow now thy seed; the field is wide, The world is thine es - tate.
2. Sow e - vil deeds with care-less hand, And, one sad day, be hold Thy gar- ner filled with blighted hopes, And woes an hun - dred fold.
3. Sow deeds of faith, and hope, and love, Per-chance with fall - ing tears, A har-vest home of peace and joy Will crown the work of years.
4. God's law will stand for - ev - er - more, The law His love made known; From out the har- vest field of life We reap as we have sown.

CHORUS.

Be not de - ceived,..... be not de - ceived:..... God is not mocked; For what - so - ev- er a man sow - eth, What - so - ev - er a man sow-eth, That shall he al - so reap, That shall he al - so reap.

Be not deceived, be not deceived:

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Better Farther On.

I. E. R. I. E. Reynolds.

1. Though the way be rough and hard, It is bet- ter far- ther on; Though the
2. Though the load be hard to bear, It is bet- ter far- ther on; Nev - er
3. Trust in Je - sus day by day, It is bet- ter far- ther on; He will
4. Come then, let us shout and sing, It is bet- ter far- ther on; We shall

Chorus.

trials and snares retard, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
fal - ter, nor de-spair, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
keep you in the way, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
crown Him Lord and King, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
} It is bet-ter, it is

bet - ter far - ther on, It is bet - ter, it is
yes, far - ther on,

bet-ter far-ther on; Then my brother do not fal-ter or de-
yes, farther on;

spair,..... It is bet-ter, it is bet-ter far-ther on.
yes, farther on.

do not despair,

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Christ is Leading On.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Hark! the bat - tle cry is ring- ing O - ver all the whole wide world,
2. Set His standard on the mountains, Let it wave from shore to shore,
3. Sa - tan's host shall soon be vanquished, Lift the flam-ing cross on high,

There's a might- y ar - my marching, With the conquest flag un-furled;
O - ver ev- 'ry foe vic - to-rious, He shall reign for - ev - er- more.
By this sign we'll sure - ly con-quer, For the dawn of hope draws nigh.

'Tis a ho - ly war we're wag-ing O'er the pow'r of death and sin;
Sound His praise to high - est heav- en, Lord of all, in - deed is He;
Ral - ly round the roy - al ban- ner, Just be- fore, the Lord has gone;

Christ is lead- ing, fol - low on-ward, Where He goes we're sure to win.
Christ our Cap-tain calls us for-ward, In - to glo-rious lib - er - ty.
Hail His Name, the great De- liv - 'rer, Christ, our Christ is lead - ing on.

CHORUS.

March on, march on, march on, march on, march on, March on to vic - to- ry; For

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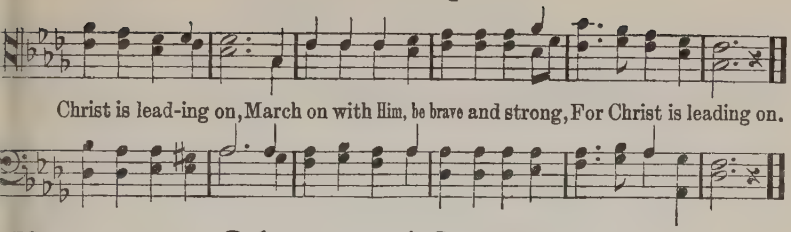
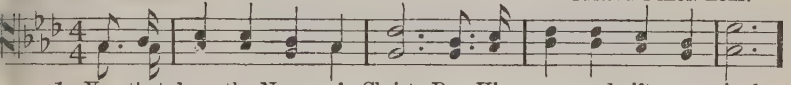
Christ is Leading On.

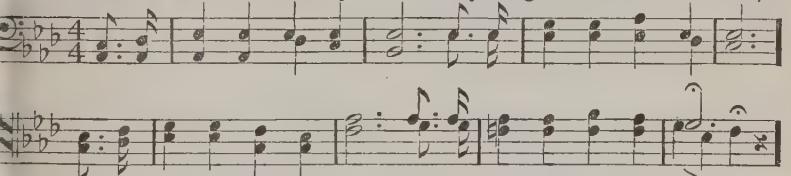


79 Salvation and Service.

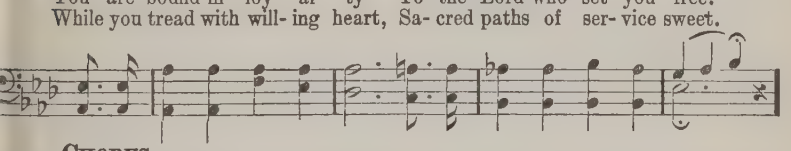
JULIA H. JOHNSTON. HARRY DIXON LOES.



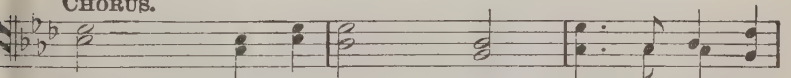
1. Ye that bear the Name of Christ, By His grace and gifts un-priced,
2. Je - sus Christ your ran-som paid When on Him your sin was laid;
3. By the cords of love that drew, By the pow'r that formed a - new,
4. Let the faith that works by love Lift your grate-ful soul a - bove,



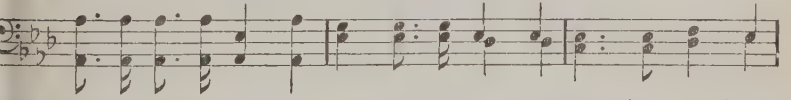
Ye are not henceforth your own, He is King and He a - lone.
At the foot of Calv'ry's tree You have pledged your service free.
You are bound in loy - al - ty To the Lord who set you free.
While you tread with will- ing heart, Sa- cred paths of ser- vice sweet.

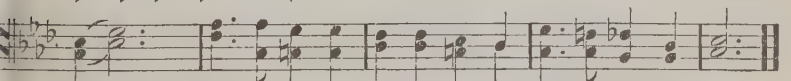


CHORUS.

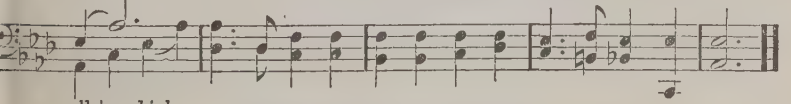


Saved, saved for ser - - vice, This your call - ing
Saved for ser-vice, saved for Je - sus, the Mas - ter,





high; Lov-ing, loy- al, faith-ful, fearless, While the days go by.



call-ing high;

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God's Loving Hand.

FRED SCOTT. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. A - long the de- vious ways of life, With ills be - set and dan-gers rife,
2. The way with clouds may be o'ercast, But soon the dark- ness will be passe
3. If sor-row come, and pain and grief, The Lord will bring us blest re - lief;
4. If brief or long the way may be, It mat-ters not to you and me;

There's safety e'en a - mid the strife, God's loving hand doth safe- ly lead!
To bright-er paths and scenes at last, God's loving hand doth safe- ly lead!
We'll rest our hearts on this be - lief: God's loving hand doth safe- ly lead!
By faith we'll jour - ney stead-i - ly— God's loving hand doth safe- ly lead!

CHORUS.

God's lov- ing hand doth safe- ly lea
God's lov- ing hand..... doth safe - ly lead!.....

God's lov - ing hand doth safe- ly lea
God's lov - ing hand..... doth safe - ly lead!.....

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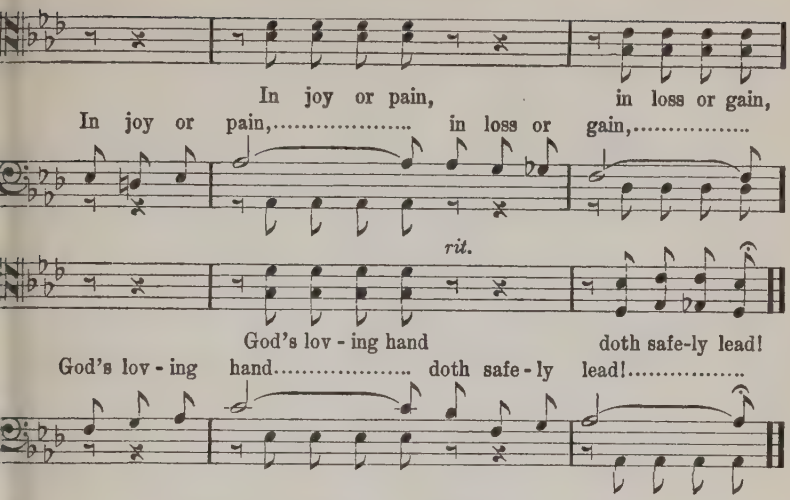
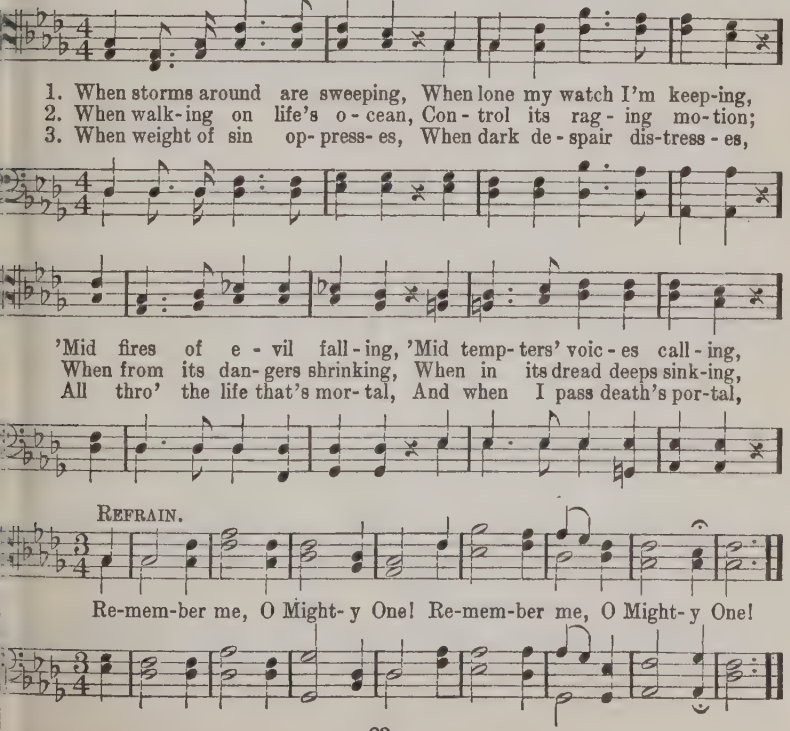
God's Loving Hand.



81 Remember Me, O Mighty One!

JOHANNA KINKEL.



82 Now the Day Is Over.

S. B. Gould. J. Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

83 Acquaint Thyself With Him.

D. R. Herrick. Edward M. Fuller.

1. Hark! a voice from heav - en calls, Sounding in these sa - cred wal
2. Thou hast wan - dered all thy days In sin's dark, re - bel - lious way
3. Swift - ly time is pass - ing by; Like a dream the mo - ments fly
4. Now, this day, this ver - y hour, Yield thee to the Spir - it's pow

Lo! thy Mak - er pleads with thee: "Now acquaint thy - self with Me
Now the paths of e - vil shun, Turn and seek the Ho - ly One
Ere thy day of grace shall cease, Haste, ac - cept God's prof - fered peac
Cease thy strife, for - sake thy sin; Welcome Christ and peace with - in.

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The Story of the Cross.

T. B. Weaver. Ira B. Wilson.

Solo. (*may be taken by a Soprano.*)

1. I'll tell you a sto-ry, the sweetest I know, Just as it was told to me; ..... Our heav-en-ly Fa-ther who pit-ied us so, Sent His on-ly Son to this world be-low, To die that we might be free.....
2. Our dear lov-ing Lord is acquainted with grief, Each struggle we have He knows; ..... To o-pen a way that would give us re-lief, From ev-'ry doubt, helping our be-lief, He emptied our cup of woe.....
3. They crowned Him with thorns and they robed Him with shame, And mocked Him, your Lord and mine; ..... In patience He bore all this in-sult and blame, For your sake and mine to the cross He came, To show us His love di-vine.....

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QUARTET.

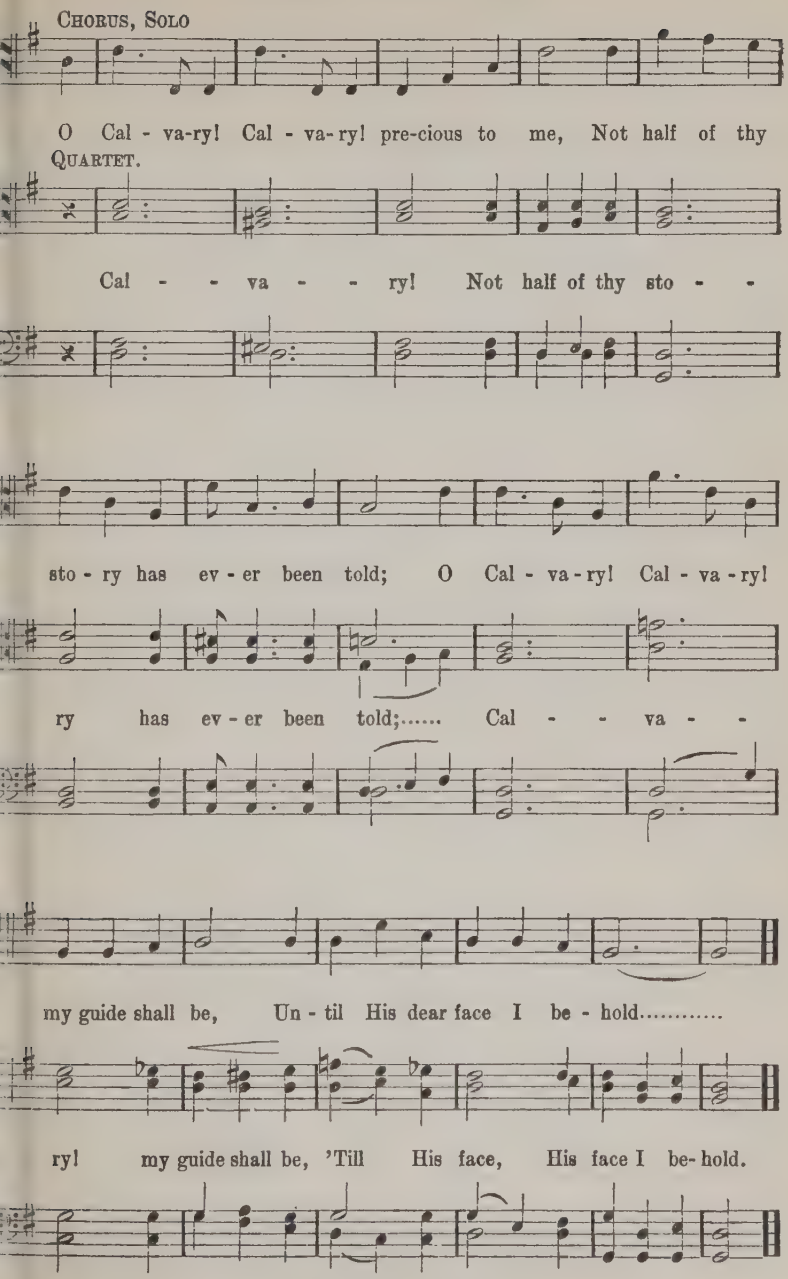
Our bur - dens up - on His bowed shoul - ders were laid, By His stripes we are par- doned and healed; .....
"Not my will, but Thine," in the gar - den He prayed, As the sin of the world on Him rolled;.....
He car - ried His cross till He sank to the ground, And but one kind - ly came to His aid;.....

SOLO.

Our debt by His love, was on Cal - va - ry paid,
The weight of our guilt on His kind heart was laid,
He of - fered His life when no help could be found,

And His love, on the cross, re - vealed.....
As He suf - fered in an - guish un - told.....
For the world a full ran - som paid.....

The Story of the Cross.



He is Able to Deliver.

MARY SPARKES WHEELER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When the proph - et Dan - iel prayed to God on bend - ed kne
2. Where- fore is the king so sad, and where-fore does he fas
3. "O king, live for - ev - er! and from anx- ious care be fre
4. From the roar - ing li - on, seek - ing whom he may de - vou
5. He is a - ble to de - liv - er, and to keep in pea

With his win- dows o - pen wide, de - spite the king's de - cre
As he thinks of Dan - iel, who with - in the den is cast
For my God has sent His an - gel to de - liv - er me
God is a - ble to de - liv - er by His might - y pow'
Till life's pil - grim-age is end - ed, and my con - flict's ceas

And they cast him in the li - on's den, his life to clos
O thou serv - ant of the liv - ing God, tell me, I pra
He has shut the li - on's mouths, my soul in tri - umph sing
And the soul who comes to Je - sus with his sins op - press
And when Death, the lat - est en - e - my, shall end the stri

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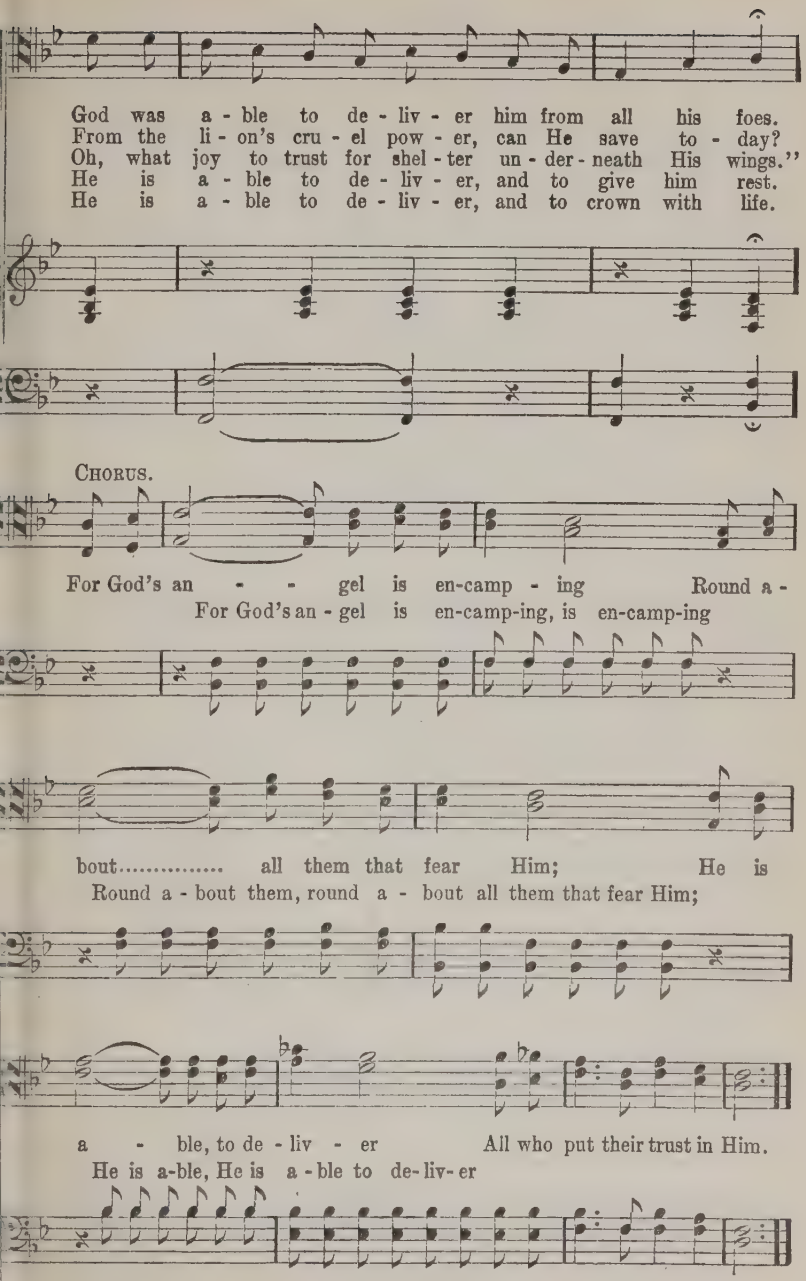
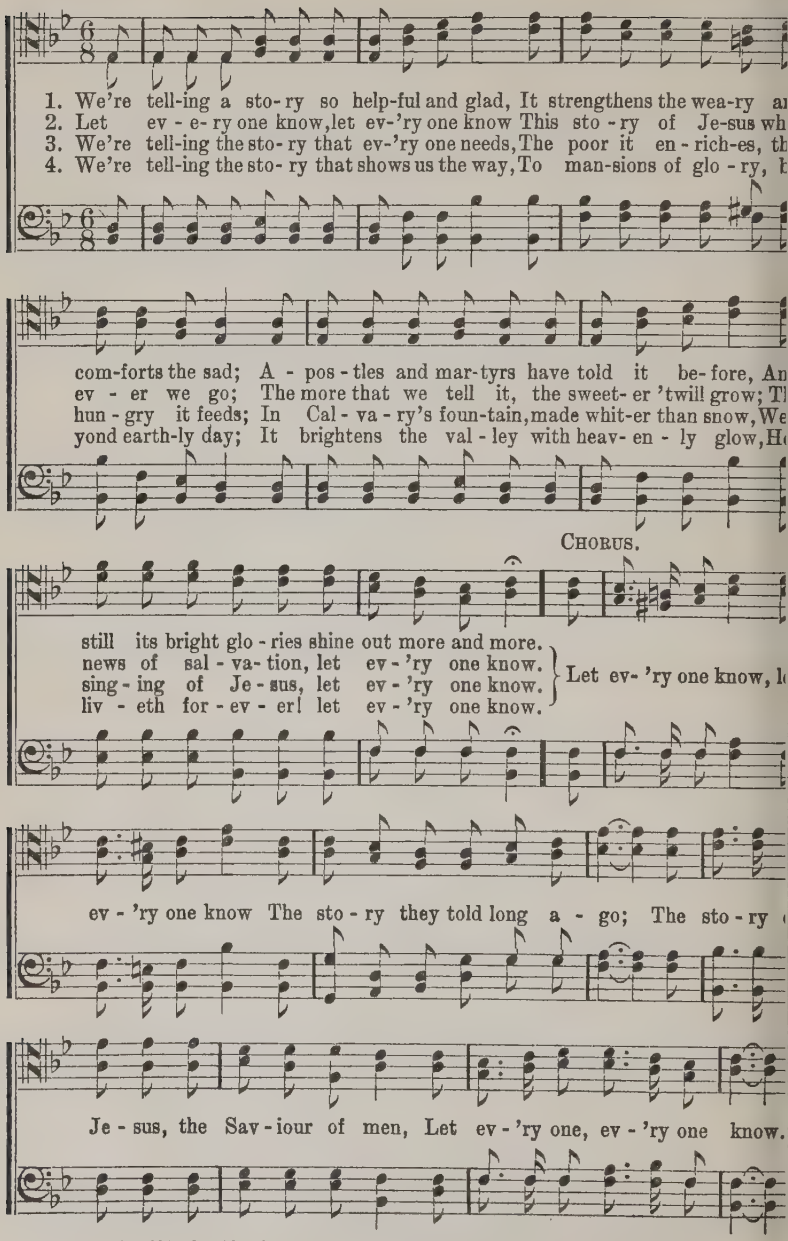
He is Able to Deliver.



Let Every One Know.

E. E. Hewitt. D. B. Towner.



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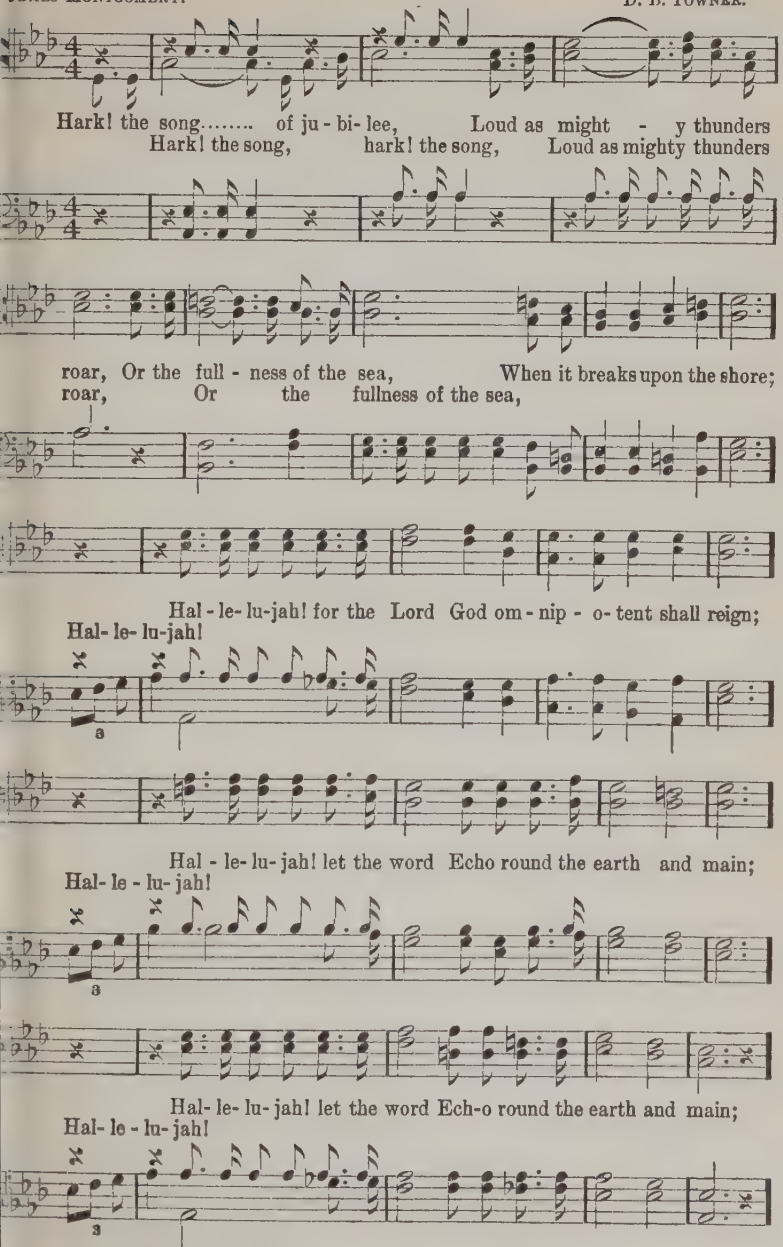
The Song of Jubilee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. D. B. TOWNER.



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The Song of Jubilee.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! hark, the sound, From the cen - ter to the ski
2. He shall reign from pole to pole, With su - preme un-bound- ed swa

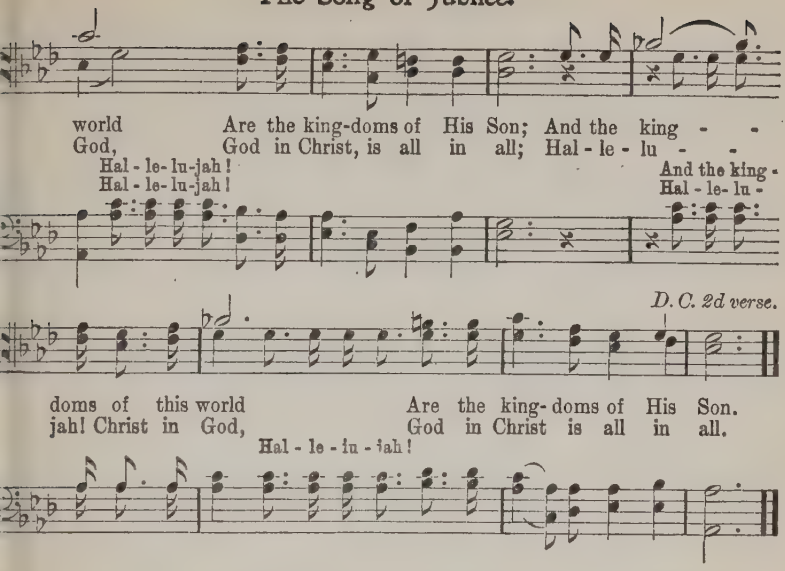
Wakes a- bove, be- neath, a-round, All cre - a - tion's har - mo- nies
He shall reign when like a scroll Yon-der heav'ns have passed a - way

Wakes a- bove, be-neath, a-round, All cre - a- tion's har- mo- nies; See J
He shall reign when like a scroll Yonder heav'ns have passed away; Then t

ho - - vah's ban-ner furled, Sheathed His sword,.....
end,..... beneath His rod Man's last foe.....
Hal - le - lu- jah! Hal - le - lu- jah! Sheath'd His sw
Hal - le - lu- jah! Hal - le - lu- jah! Man's last fo

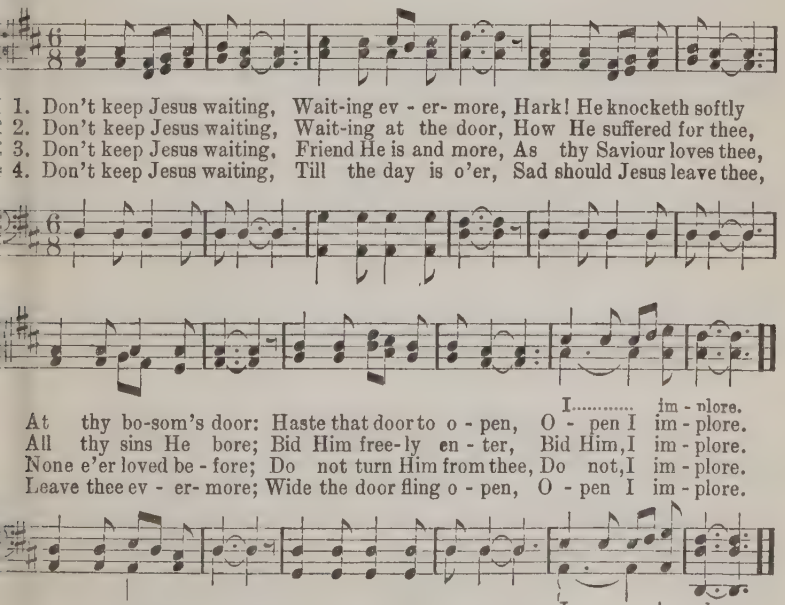
He speaks, 'tis done, And the king - - doms of th
shall sure - ly fall, Hal - le - lu - - jah! Christ i
He speaks, 'tis done, And the kingdoms
shall sure - ly fall, Hal - le - lu- jah!

The Song of Jubilee.



88 Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

G. W. Crofts. C. C. Kline, arr.



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Nearer, My God, to Thee.

LOWELL MASON.
Arr. by HERBERT JOHNSON.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, to Thee;

E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me. Still all my

song shall be, "Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee

Near - er to Thee." Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down,

Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone: Yet in my dreams I'd be

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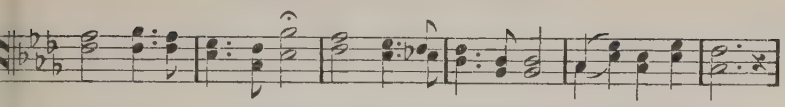
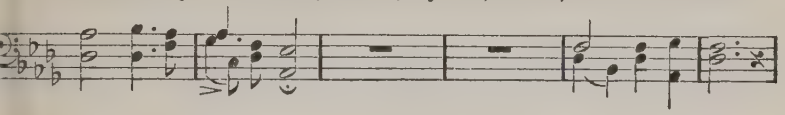
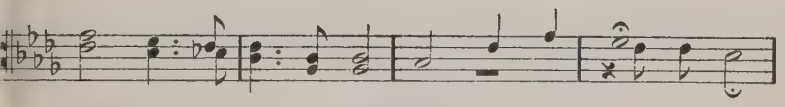
Nearer, My God, to Thee.

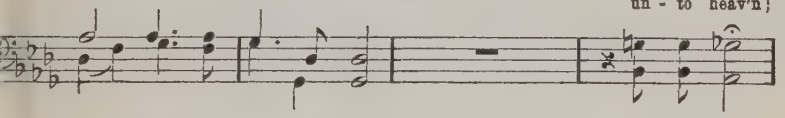


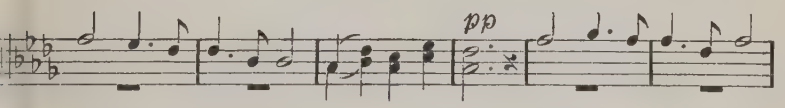
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near- er to Thee.



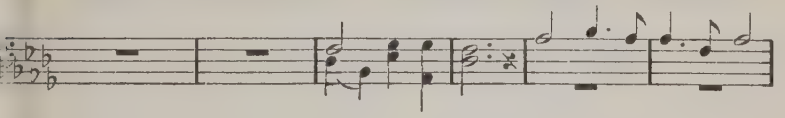


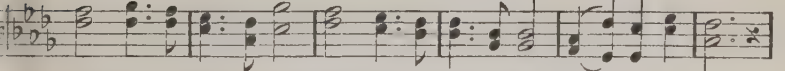
There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
un - to heav'n;



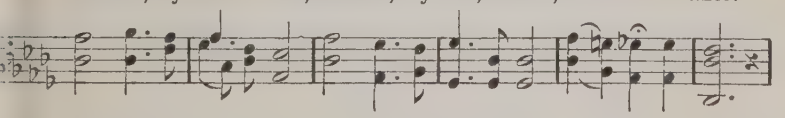


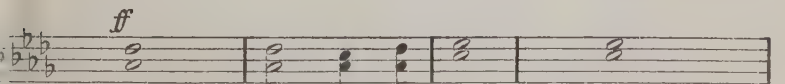
All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n. An - gels to beck-on me,



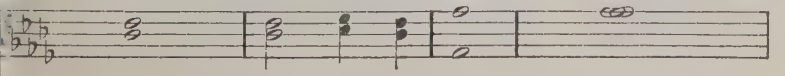


Near - er, my God to Thee, Near- er, my God, to Thee, Near- er to Thee.





Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,



Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Up - ward I fly, Still all my songs shall be, Near-er to Thee, to Th

rit.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near- er to Thee. A-men, A - men.

ppp

90 Blessed is He That Readeth.

C. S. Colburn.

Bless- ed, bless- ed, bless - ed, Bless-ed is he that read-eth, an

they that hear the word, the word of the Lord, For He saith un - to you,

He saith un - to you, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, They sh

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Blessed is He That Readeth.

be as white as snow, Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as
They shall be as

wool;
wool; For God so loved the world, so loved the world, That He gave His on - ly

His on - ly Son to die, to die, That who - so - ev - er be-
Son

liev- eth in Him Should not per-ish, should not per-ish, But have ever-last-ing

life, But have ev-er-lasting life, But have ev- er- last - ing life."

Lead, Kindly Light.

JOHN H. NEWMAN. DUDLEY BUCK.

p *f* *p*

Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is

p

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.

dark,.....

mf *dim.* *p*

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see the dis-tant scene: On

mf *dim.*

step enough for me. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou sho

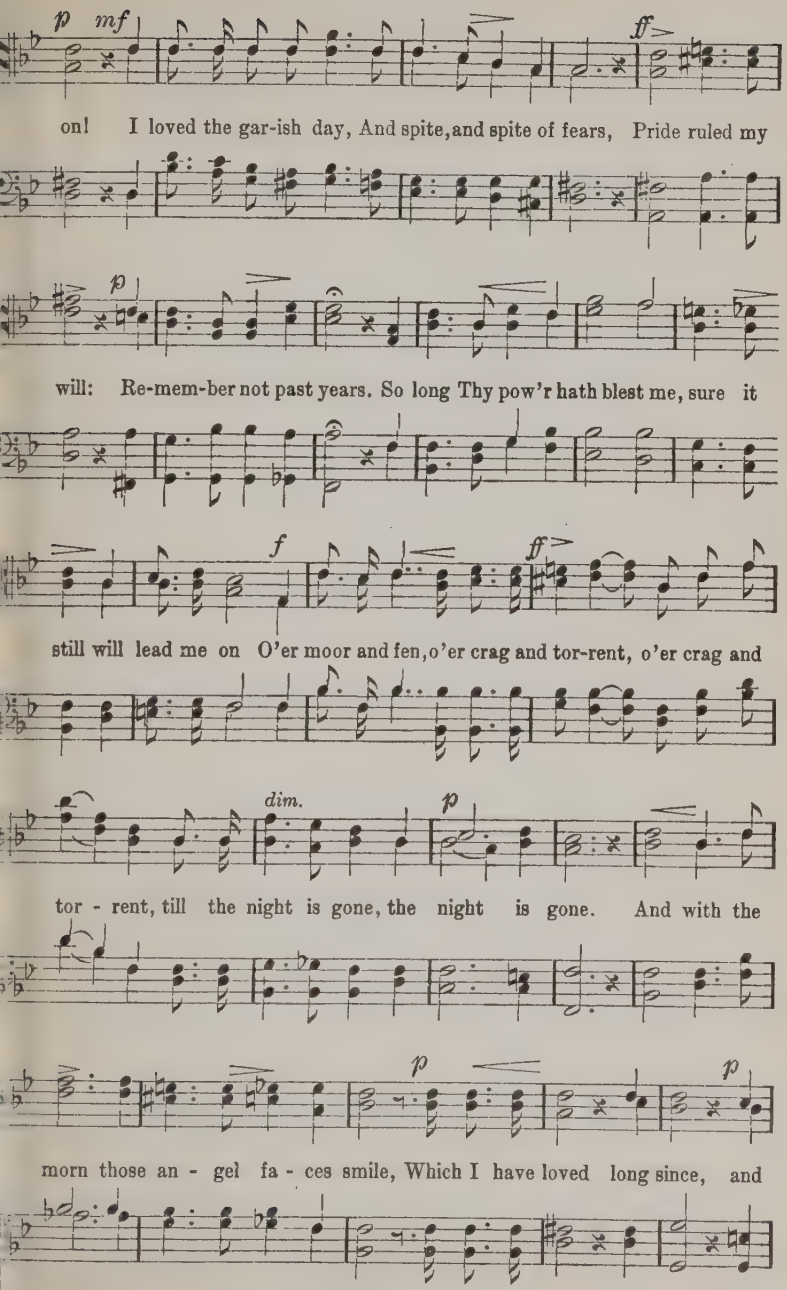
mf

p *f*

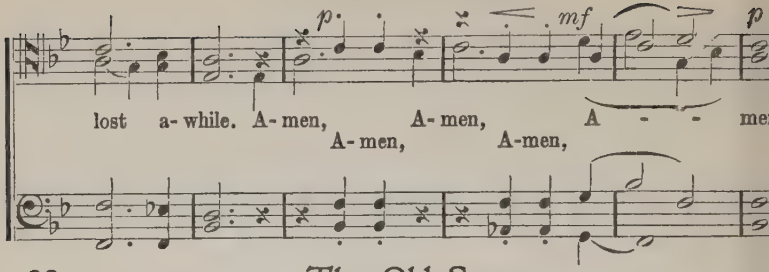
lead me on; I loved to choose, and see my path: But now..... lead Thou m
I loved to choose my path:..... But now..... lead Thou me

I loved to choose, and see my path: But now... lead Thou m

Lead, Kindly Light.

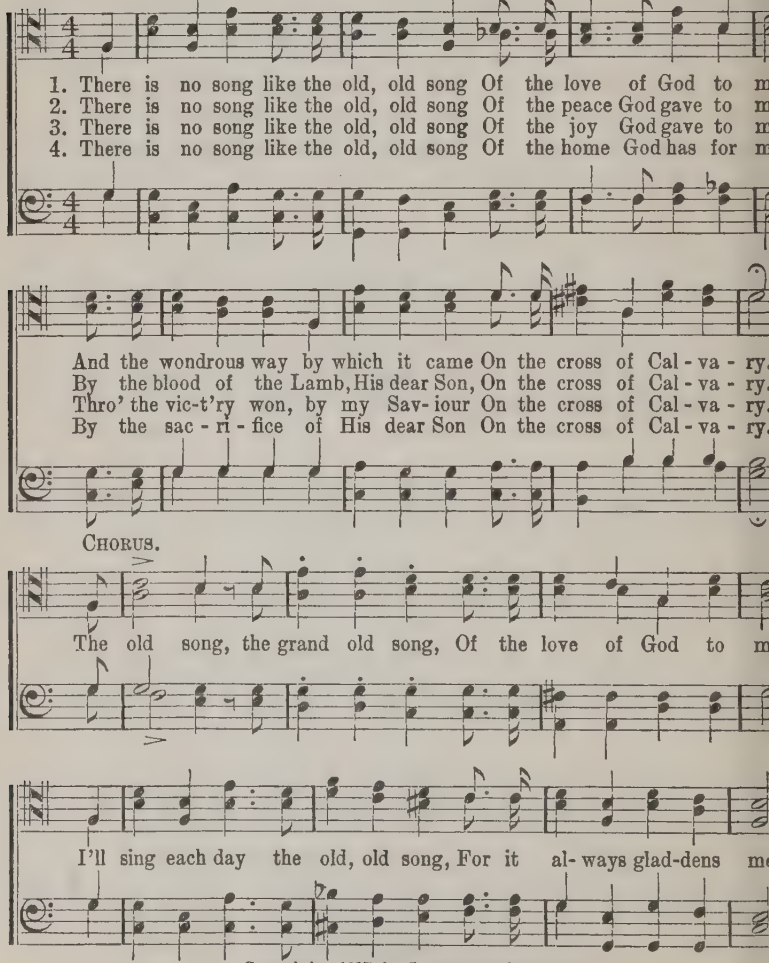


Lead, Lindly Light.



92 The Old Song.

D. W. MACDONALD. IRA B. WILSO



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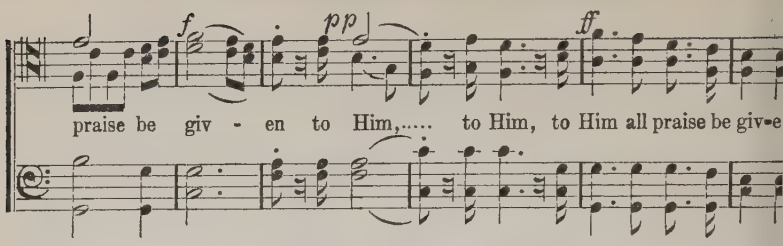
93 Come, O My Soul, With Singing.

GERHARDT. ARR. KUCKEN. ARR.

mf Andante con moto.

1. Come, O my soul, with sing - ing, With joy - ful sounds a - rise, Thanks-giv- ing glad - ly bring- ing To Him who rules the skies; All things in earth, all things in heav'n, O- bey His will, His sov'reign will; While life and breath from Him are giv'n, My heart shall praise Him still. O to Him, to Him
2. All who their hope have found-ed In faith on God a - lone, Shall nev - er be con - found- ed, 'Tis sta - ble as His throne; He who in God shall all re-pose, Hath gained in Him a por-tion sure; Tho' en - e- mies may still op-pose, His soul shall dwell se - cure. O to Him, to Him
3. God's will for aye pre - vail - eth, 'Tis His de - light to bless, His mer- cy nev - er fail - eth, Nor sinks His faithfulness; His prom-is-es my God will keep, I rest on this His sure de - cree; I lay me down in peace to sleep, He watch-eth o - ver me. O to Him, to Him

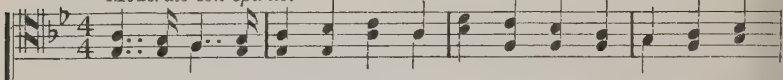
pp



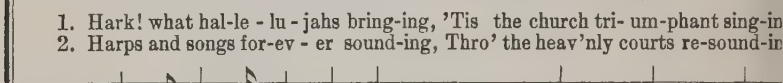
94 Worthy Is the Lamb.

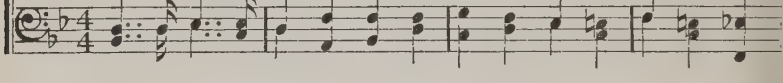
Arr. from KENT. Arr. by T.

Moderato con spirito.

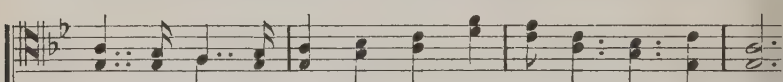


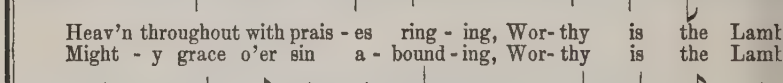
1. Hark! what hal-le - lu - jahs bring-ing, 'Tis the church tri- um-phant sing-in
2. Harps and songs for-ev - er sound-ing, Thro' the heav'nly courts re-sound-in



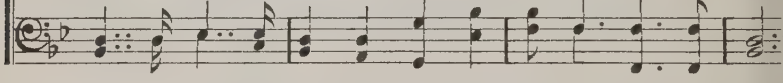


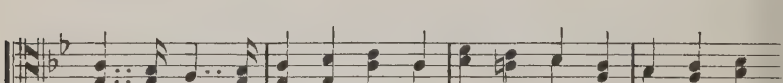
Heav'n throughout with prais - es ring - ing, Wor- thy is the Lamb
Might - y grace o'er sin a - bound - ing, Wor- thy is the Lamb



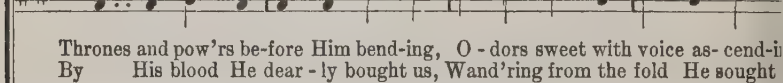


Thrones and pow'rs be-fore Him bend-ing, O - dors sweet with voice as- cend-i
By His blood He dear - ly bought us, Wand'ring from the fold He sought



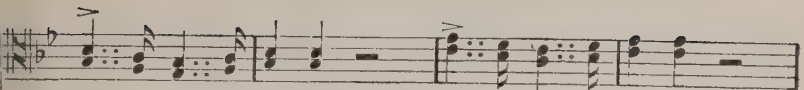


Swell the cho - rus nev - er end - ing, Wor-thy is the Lamb.
And to glo - ry safe - ly brought us, Wor-thy is the Lamb.

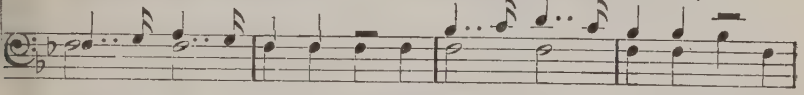


1. Ev -'
2. Bless

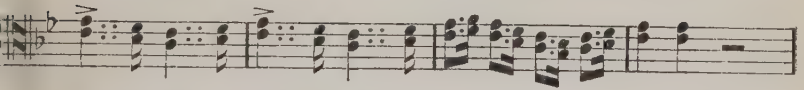
Worthy Is the Lamb.



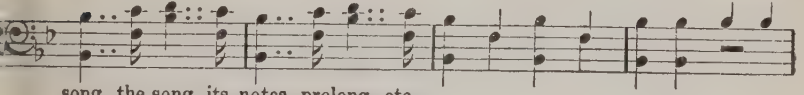
Ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion, Sing the great sal - va - tion,
Bless - ed hope be - fore us, Soon we'll join the cho - rus,



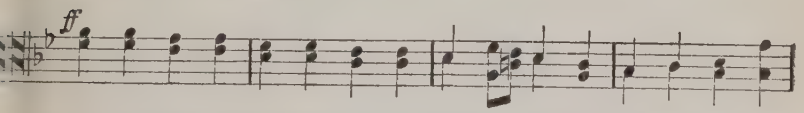
tongue and na - tion, Sing the great sal - va - tion, Swell the
hope be - fore us, Soon we'll join the cho - rus, When at



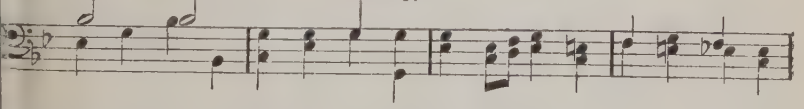
Swell the song, its notes prolong, Throughout the whole cre - a - tion.* *Loud as*
When at last, the night is past, And glo - ry's morn breaks o'er us, *Sweetest*

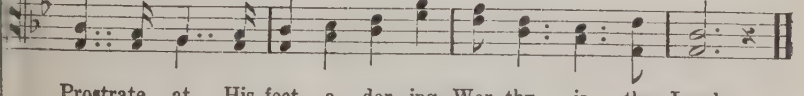


song, the song, its notes prolong, etc.
last, at last the night is past, etc.

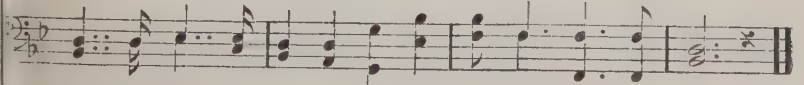


Loud as might - y thun-ders roar - ing, Floods of might-y wa - ters pour - ing,
Sweet-est notes all notes ex - cell - ing, On the theme for - ev - er dwell - ing,
might - y thun-ders roar - ing,
notes, all notes ex - cell - ing,





Prostrate at His feet a - dor - ing, Wor - thy is the Lamb.
Still un - told tho' ev - er tell - ing, Wor - thy is the Lamb.



* Italics for 1st Bass.

95 Glorious Emblem of the Free.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER

1. Lift a - loft our star- ry ban - ner, Glo-rious em - blem of the fre
2. Brave-ly worn a- mid the con - flict, May no stain its col - ors ma
3. Lift a - loft our na-tion's ban - ner, 'Neath its folds there's room for al

Giv - ing light un - to the na - tions, En - sign bright of lib - er - ty
God be with us where it flut - ters, Gild with love each shin-ing sta
"Lib - er - ty its world-wide mot - to, "Serv-ice true" its clar-ion ca

CHORUS.

Swing its folds..... a-cross the sea, Glo- ri-
Swing its folds a-cross the sea,

em - - blem of the free, Lib - er - ty.....
Glorious em- blem of the free, of the free, Lib - er - ty

one and all, Serv-ice true..... its clar- ion call,
one and all, Service true its clarion c

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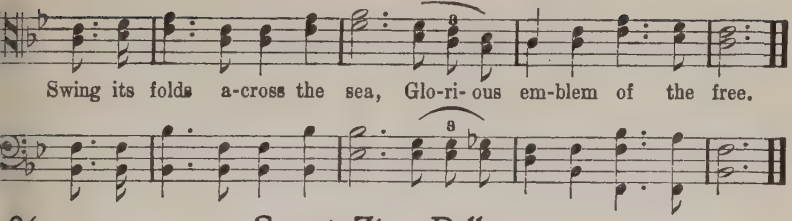
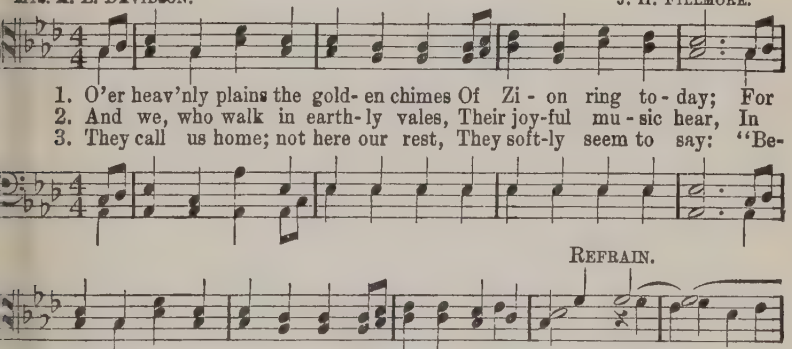
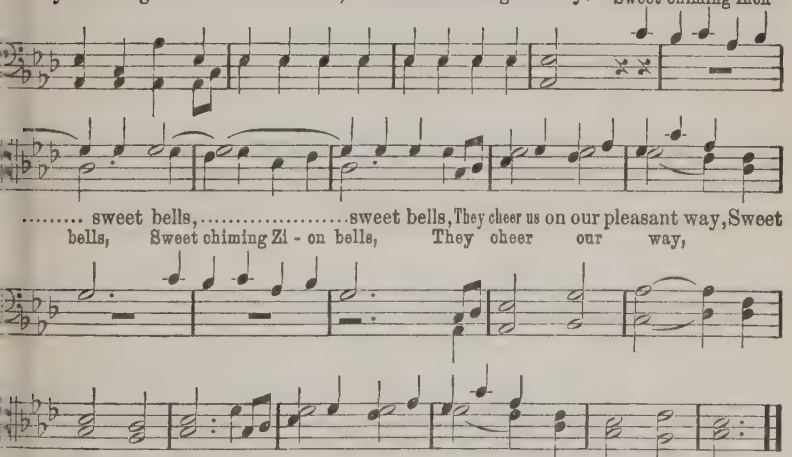
Glorious Emblem of the Free.



96 Sweet Zion Bells.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson. J. H. Fillmore.





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The Tar's Farewell.

STEPHEN ADAMS.
Arr. for this Book

1. When forced to bid fare-well to you, Pull a- way, my boys, pull a - way,
2. But then if false should prove my fair, Pull a- way, my boys, pull a - way,

I did not know what I should do, Pull a - way,..... pull a - way
I'd burn the lit - tle lock of hair, Pull a - way,..... pull a - way

pull a-way,

I left her weep-ing on the quay, She said she would be true to
If she be false and I be free, I'll sail a - gain for south-ern

CHORUS.

As we sailed a - way to a southern sea.
Where there are plen - ty as good as she. } Pull a-way, my boys, pul

way, Pull a - - way, a - way.
Pull a- way, pull a- way, Pull a-way, pull a - way.....

Pull a - - way, a - way.

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The Tar's Farewell.

SOLO.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

For the wind must blow and the ship must go, And lov - ing souls must

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

The wind must blow, the ship must go, And lov - ing

la, la, la; La, la, la, la, la, la, la,

part, But the ship will tack and the tar come back, To the first love

la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la,

souls must part. the ship will tack, the tar come back,

of his heart. For the wind must blow and the ship must go, And

of his heart, The wind must blow, tee ship must go,

lov - ing souls must part, But the ship will tack, and the tar come back,

the tar'll come back,

And lov - ing souls must part,

To the first love of his heart, To the first love of his heart.

The Wayside Cross.

C. L. St. John. 3d verse by J. B. T. H. R. Palmer.

Solo. *ad lib.*

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil-grim a
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg-es the

wea- ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for the palace tha
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? al

Slower and sustained. *rit.*

rests on the hill, But be-tween us a stream li - eth, sul- len and chill
me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the pass-ers are few

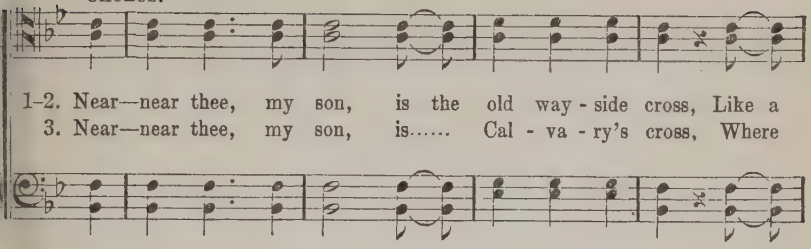
p *rit.*

* The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding this last note.

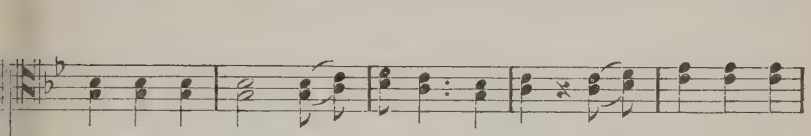
By per H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

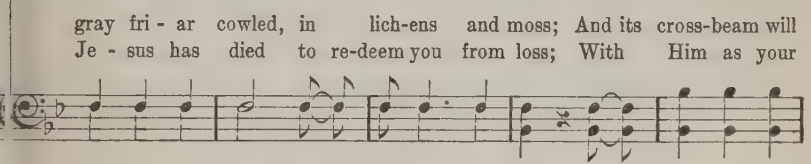
The Wayside Cross.

CHORUS.

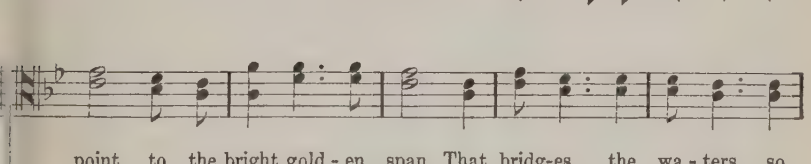


1–2. Near—near thee, my son, is the old way - side cross, Like a
3. Near—near thee, my son, is..... Cal - va - ry's cross, Where

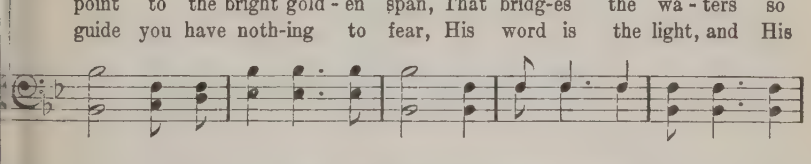




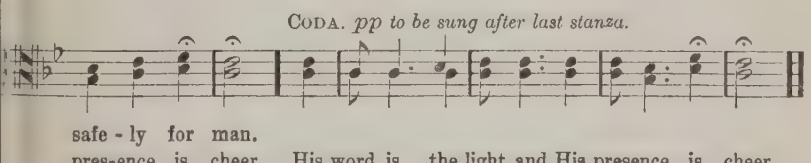
gray fri - ar cowled, in lich-ens and moss; And its cross-beam will
Je - sus has died to re-deem you from loss; With Him as your



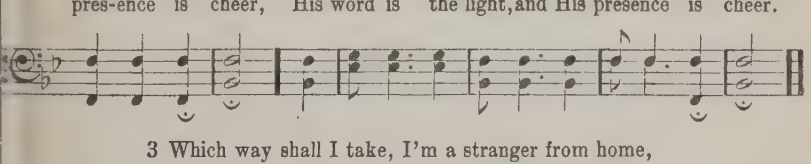
point to the bright gold - en span, That bridg-es the wa - ters so
guide you have noth-ing to fear, His word is the light, and His



CODA. *pp to be sung after last stanza.*



safe - ly for man.
pres-ence is cheer, His word is the light, and His presence is cheer.



3 Which way shall I take, I'm a stranger from home,
And sin has enticed me and caused me to roam;
My fortune! my all! for one gleam of light
That will banish this darkness and lead me aright.

The Old Sexton.

HENRY RUSSELL, arr. by D. B. TOWNER.

1. Nigh to a grave that was new- ly made, Leaned a sex-ton old on his
2. Ma - ny are with me but still I'm a- lone, I'm king of the dead, and I
3. I gather them in; for man and boy Year aft - er year of
4. I gather them in; and their fi - nal rest Is here, down here in the

earth - worn spade, His work was done and he paused to wait The
make my throne On a mon - ument slab of mar - ble cold, And my
grief and joy; I've build- ed the hous-es that lie a - round, In
earth's dark breast, And the sex - ton ceased for the fun'ral train Woun

fun - 'ral train thro' the o - pen gate; A rel - ic of by - gon
scep - tre of rule is the spade I hold; Come they from cottage or
ev - 'ry nook of this bur - ial ground. Mother and daugh - ter, fa
mute - ly o'er that sol - emn plain, And said to my heart whe

days was he, And his locks were white as the foam- y sea, And
come they from hall, Mankind are my sub - jects, all, all, all, Let ther
ther and son Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one, But
time is told, A might- ier voice than that sex-ton's old, Will

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these words came from his lips so thin, I gather them in, I
loit - er in pleas - ure, or toil - ful - ly spin, I gather them in, I
come they strangers or come they kin, I gather them in, I
sound o'er the last trumps dread - ful din, I gather them in, I

gath-er them in; Gath-er, gath-er, gath-er, I gath-er them in.

100 The Reaper and the Flowers.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There is a reaper, whose name is Death, And with his sick - le keen,
2. "Shall I have naught that is fair," said he, "Have naught but the beard - ed grain?
3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their droop-ing leaves;
4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The reaper said, and smiled,
5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care;
6. And the mother gave, in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love:
7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day;

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow be-tween.
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them back a - gain."
It was for the Lord of Paradise, He bound them in his sheaves.
"Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where He was once a child."
And saints, upon their garments white These sa - cred blos- soms wear."
She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a - bove.
'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flow'rs a - way.

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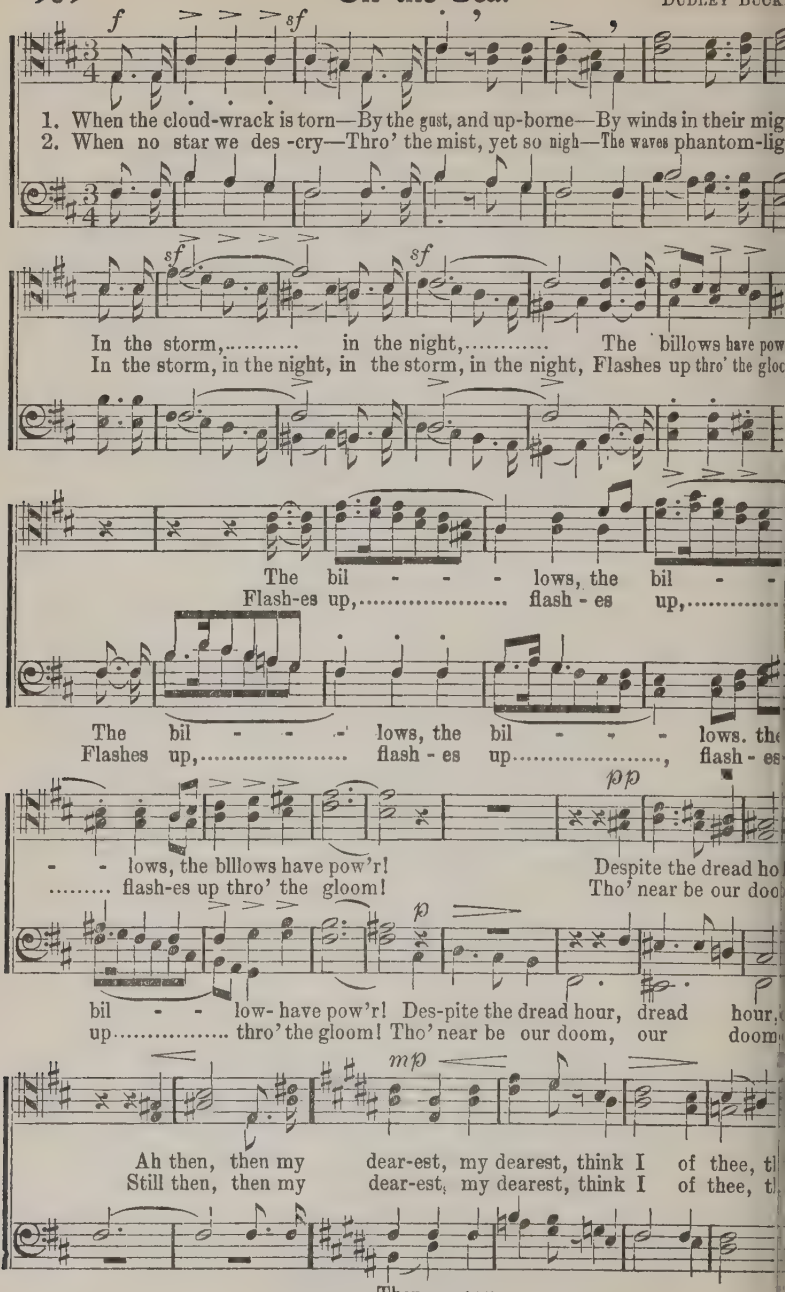

f
sf
1. When the cloud-wrack is torn—By the gust, and up-borne—By winds in their mig
2. When no star we des -cry—Thro' the mist, yet so nigh—The waves phantom-lig
sf
sf
In the storm,..... in the night,..... The billows have pow
In the storm, in the night, in the storm, in the night, Flashes up thro' the gloo
The bil - - - lows, the bil - -
Flash-es up,..... flash - es up,.....
The bil - - - lows, the bil - - - lows. the
Flashes up,..... flash - es up....., flash - es
pp
- - lows, the bllows have pow'r! Despite the dread ho
..... flash-es up thro' the gloom! Tho' near be our doo
p
bil - - low- have pow'r! Des-pite the dread hour, dread hour,
up..... thro' the gloom! Tho' near be our doom, our doom
mp
Ah then, then my dear-est, my dearest, think I of thee, t
Still then, then my dear-est, my dearest, think I of thee, t
Then my
Still my

On the Sea.

I of thee, think I of thee, In the storm, in the night. On the

sea..... sea..... Fa-ther om - ni-po -tent, might-y to

[*Omit.....*] sea. O Fa-ther om - ni - - po-tent, mighty to

save! Thou art the compass which guides the lone bark; Ruler, sub -

save! Thou who dost guide..... the lone bark; O thou Ru-ler, sub

Thou.....art the compass which guides the lone bark;

du - er of wind and of wave, Thou art the bea-con which

Thou'rt the

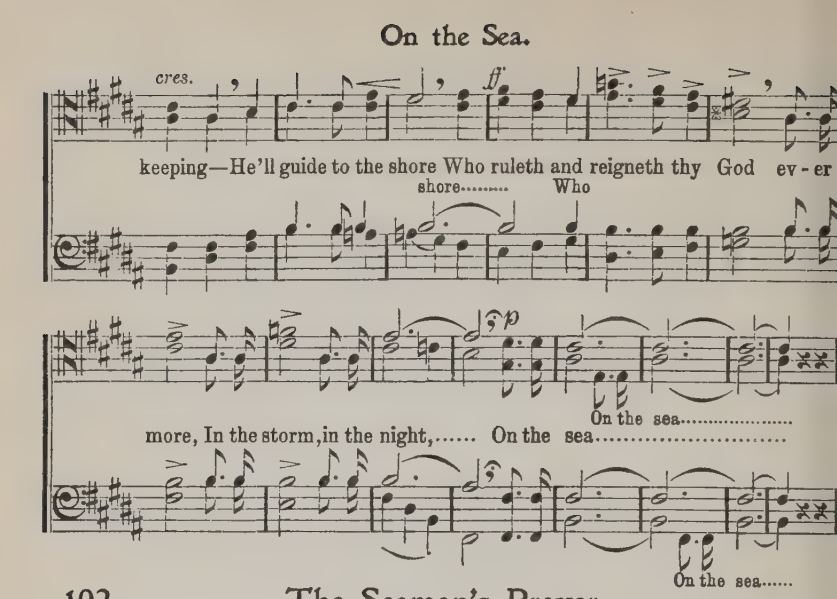
gleams thro' the dark. Then sailor, as on thro' the darkness thou steerest, Thy

Then sail - - or who steerest, Thy

Then sail-or, as onward thou steerest,

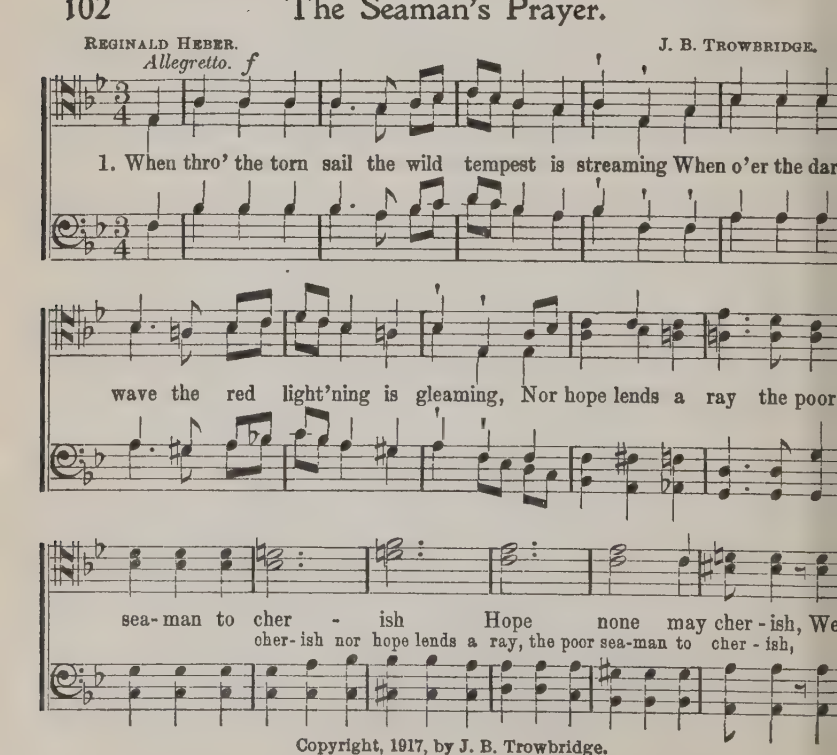
safe-ty, and her's who to thee is the dear-est, Doth rest in His

Thy safe-ty, and her's who is dear-est, Doth rest in His



102 The Seaman's Prayer.

REGINALD HEBER. J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



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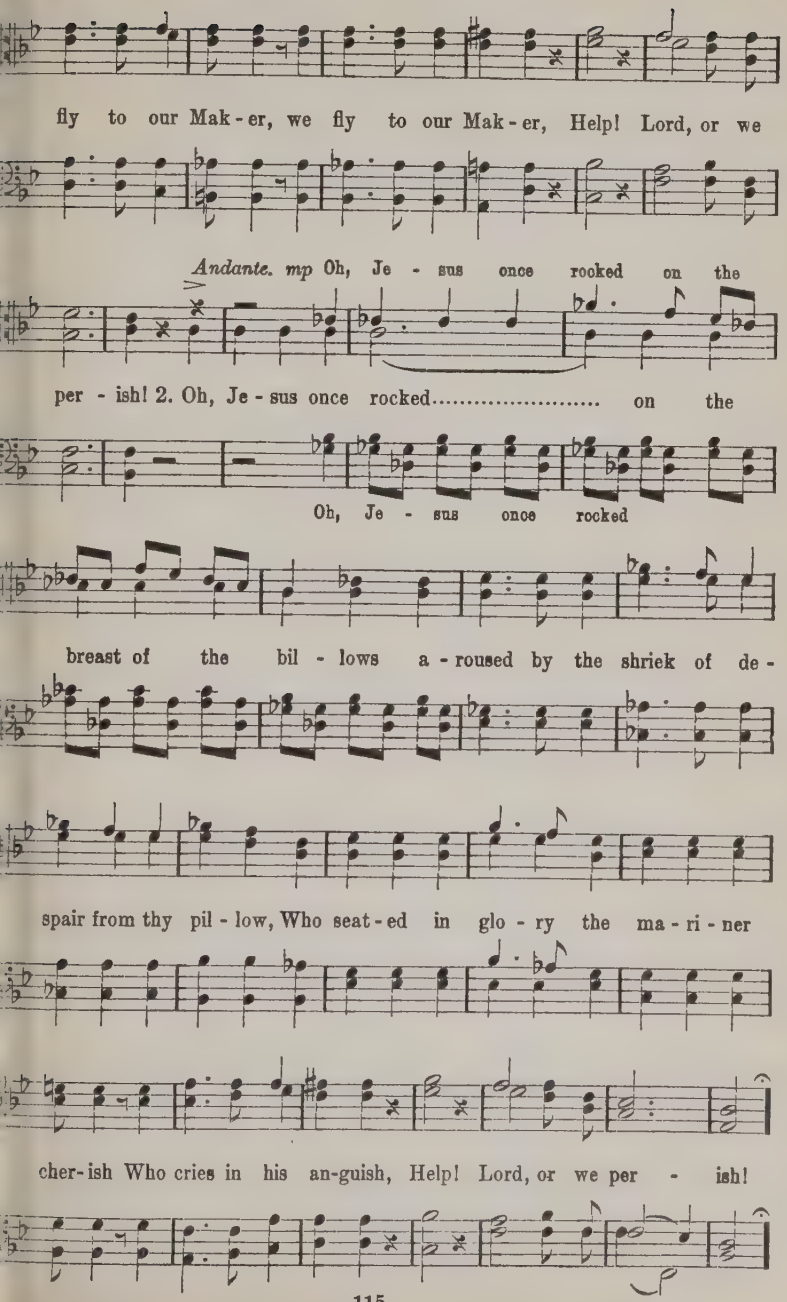
The Seaman's Prayer



The Seaman's Prayer.

agitato.

3. And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging, When sin in the heart its

warfare is wag-ing, A - rise in Thy strength Thy redeemed to cherish, F

buke the de-stroy-er, Help! Lord, or we per-ish! Arise in Thy strength Thy

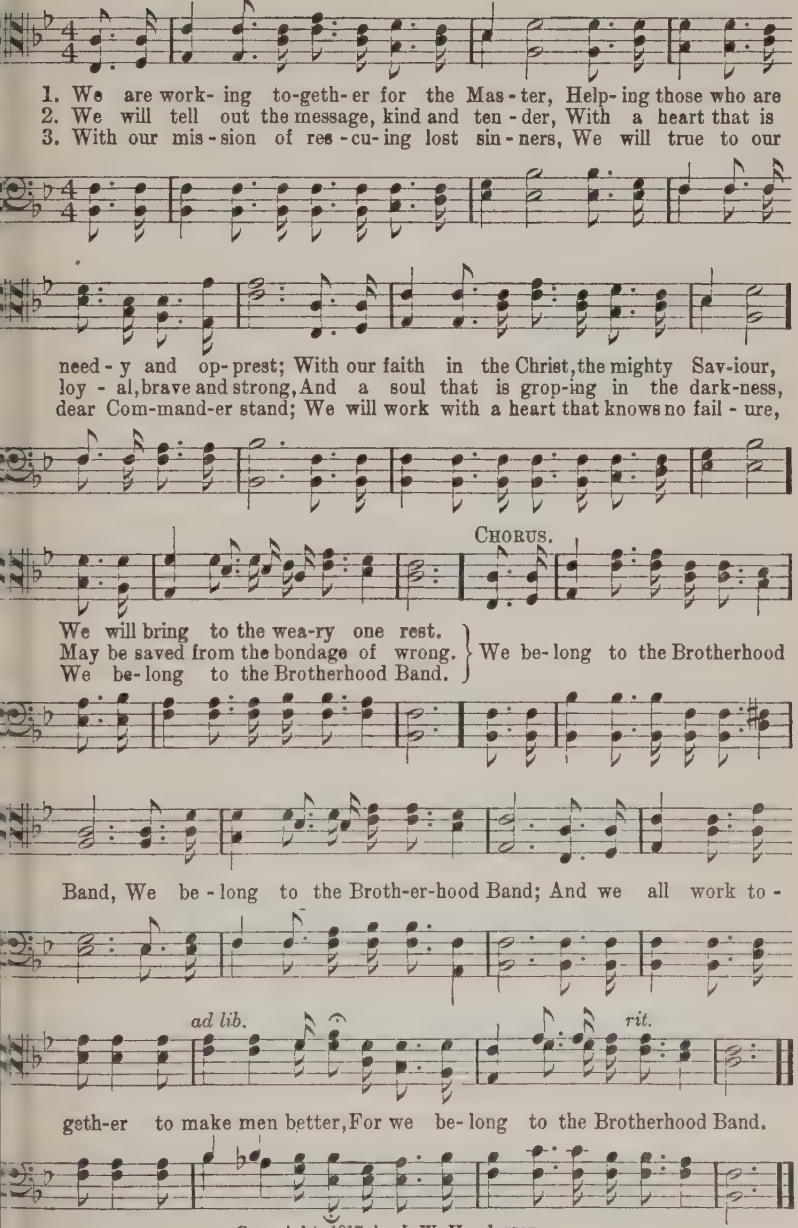
deemed to cher-ish, Re- buke the de-stroy-er, Re-buke the de-stroy-er, Hel

CODA. Lento. p

Lord, or we per - ish! Lord, we thank Thee Thou hast heard our pray

103 We Belong to the Brotherhood Band.

J. W. H. J. W. Henderson.



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In the Palace of Rest.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. They sleep 'neath the sunshine, the cloud, and the storm, By earth's troubles
2. Bring gar- lands of beau - ty their graves to a-dorn, Strew with laur-els t
3. The blood that they shed bought a har - vest di-vine, Thro' the years it h

lon - ger op-pressed, The he - roes who died for the coun - try they lo
place where they lie; Their war - fare is end - ed, they wait for the c
well stood the test; They have fought a good fight, now they slum-ber se-re

CHORUS.

In the "win - dow- less pal - ace of rest."
Sounding forth for the ral - ly on high.
In the "win - dow-less pal - ace of rest."
In the win - dow-le

pal - ace they slum - ber, Where no tur-moil nor strife can mo- lest, Fold-e

round with the si - lence and still- ness, In the "window-less pal-ace of rest."

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105 There's a Little Gray Cottage.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a lit - tle gray cot - tage I ne'er can for - get, The
2. In the glow of the fire - light my fa - ther I see, While
3. Tho' the lit - tle gray cot - tage in ru - in now lies, Thank

home of my child - hood so dear; Like a vis - ion of
words from the Bi - ble he read, As..... hushed in - to
God, there's a home bright and fair, Where the light of His

glad - ness it dwells with us yet, A ha - ven of com - fort and cheer.
si - lence I sat on his knee, With moth-er's soft hand on my head.
glo - ry il - lu-mines the skies, I'll meet those who love Him up there.

CHORUS.

Home of my child - hood, The dearest that mortal can know;
Home of my childhood, sweet home, sweet home,

Home of my child - hood, A foretaste of heav-en be - low.
Home of my childhood, sweet home, sweet home,

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The Old Canoe.

G. F. Root, by per.

The second tenor may be sung as a solo.

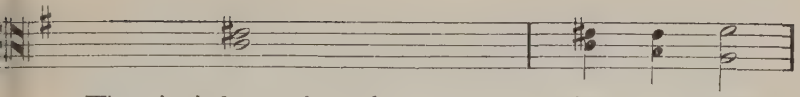
1. Where the rocks are gray and the | shore is steep, | And the waters below look
2. Oh, many a time, with a | careless hand, | Have I pulled it away from its
3. But now, as I lean o'er its | brok-en side, | And look below in the

dark and deep, | Where the lofty pine, in its | lone - ly pride,
peb - bly strand, | And paddled it down where the | stream runs quick,
mur - ky tide, | The face that I see there has | grav - er grown,

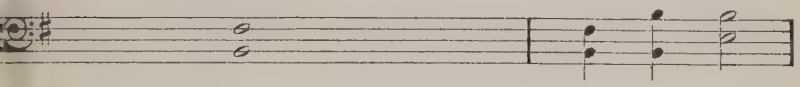
Leaned gloomily over the | murk-y tide; | Where the reeds and the rushes are
Where its whirls are wild and the | eddies are thick, | And laughed as I leaned o'er its
And the laugh that I heard has a | so - ber tone, | And the hands that once lent the

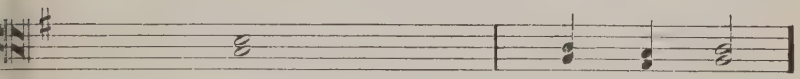
tall and rank, | And the weeds grow thick on the | wind - ing bank;
rocking side, | And looked below in the | brok - en tide,
light skiff wings, | Have grown familiar with | stern - er things;

The Old Canoe.



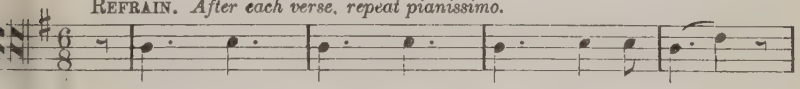
Where the shadows are heavy the whole day through,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
But I love to think of the hours that flew



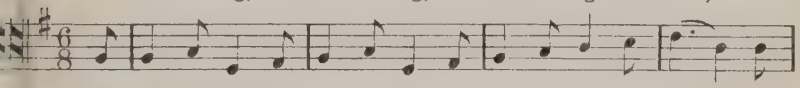


Lies at its moorings the old ca - noe.
That were mirrored back to the old ca - noe.
O'er my beautiful days in the old ca - noe.

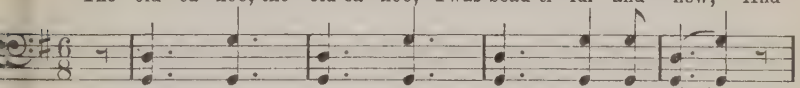
REFRAIN. *After each verse, repeat pianissimo.*



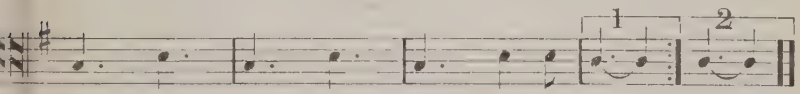
Rock - ing, rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe;



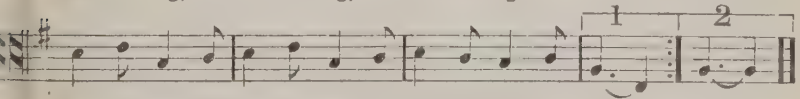
The old ca - noe, the old ca - noe, 'Twas beau-ti - ful and new; And



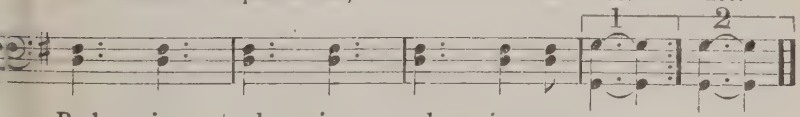
Rock - ing, rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe;



Rock - ing, rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe. noe.



tho' no more it dips the oar, I love the old ca - noe. noe.



Rock - ing, rock - ing, rock - ing ca - noe. noe.

The Farmer Boy.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A jo - vi - al lad is the farm - er's boy, oh, ho!..... ol
2. His brim-less straw hat on his sun-burned head, oh, ho!..... ol
3. He ris - es from bed in the earl - y morn, oh, ho!..... ol

ho!... He goes to his toil with a song of joy, oh,
ho!... He hur - ries a - bout with a mar - tial tread, oh,
ho!... To mow down the hay and hill up the corn, oh,

ho!... oh, ho!... He cur - ries the horse, and he milks the cow, Thr
ho!... oh, ho!... His mus - cles are sturd - y, his face is brown, Wh
ho!... oh, ho!... The cun - ning of skill in his strong right hand, H

hay for their feed from the spa - cious mow, He's mer - ry at
trou - ble be - sets him he turns them down, The birds and th
guides the old plow while he tills the land, As weeds by th

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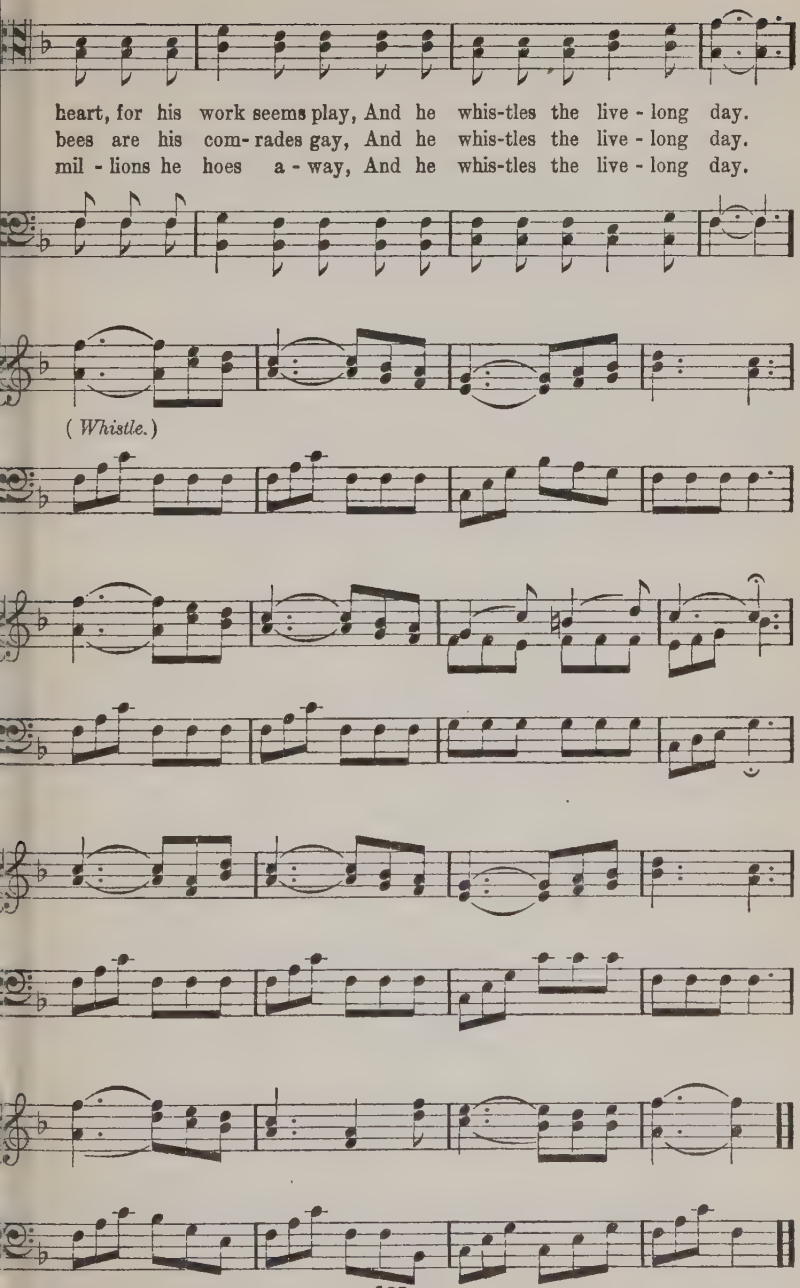
The Farmer Boy.



Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

KNIGHT. Arr. by J. B. T

1. Rocked in the cra- dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace
2. And such the trust that still is mine, Tho' stormy winds sweep o'er

sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave,
brine, Or through the tem- pest's fie - ry breath,

For Thou, O
Rouse me fro

Thou, O Lord hast pow'r to save; I know Thou
Rouse from sleep to wreck and death; In o - cean's

Lord..... hast pow'r to save; I know Thou wilt not slight m
sleep..... to wreck and death; In o - cean's caves still safe wi

wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's f
caves still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i - ty.

call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall. And
Thee, The germ of im-mor - tal- i - ty. And

Hum..... Rocked in the cra- dle of the deep,

calm and peaceful is my sleep, An

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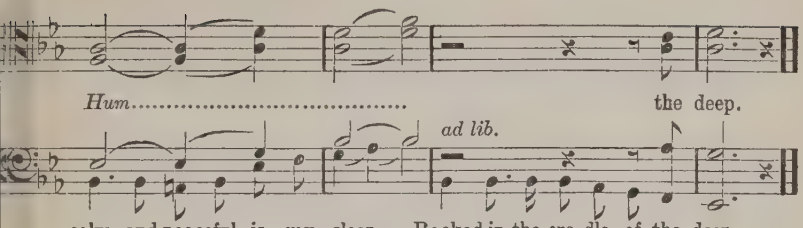
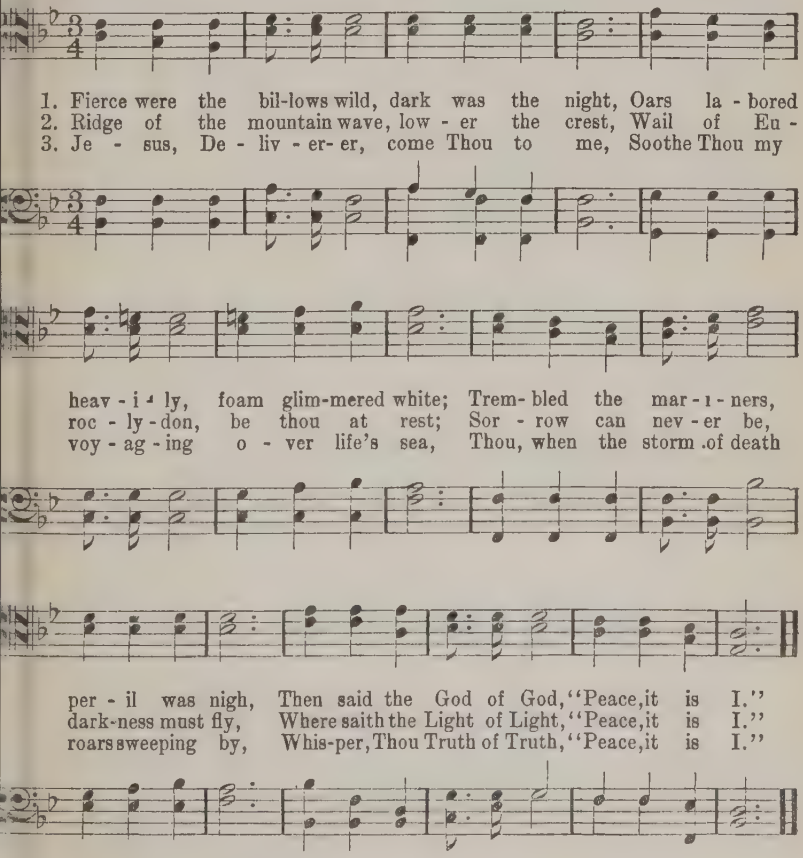
Rocked In the Cradle of the Deep.



109 Fierce Were the Billows Wild.

ANATOLIUS.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

J. B. TROWBRIDGE.



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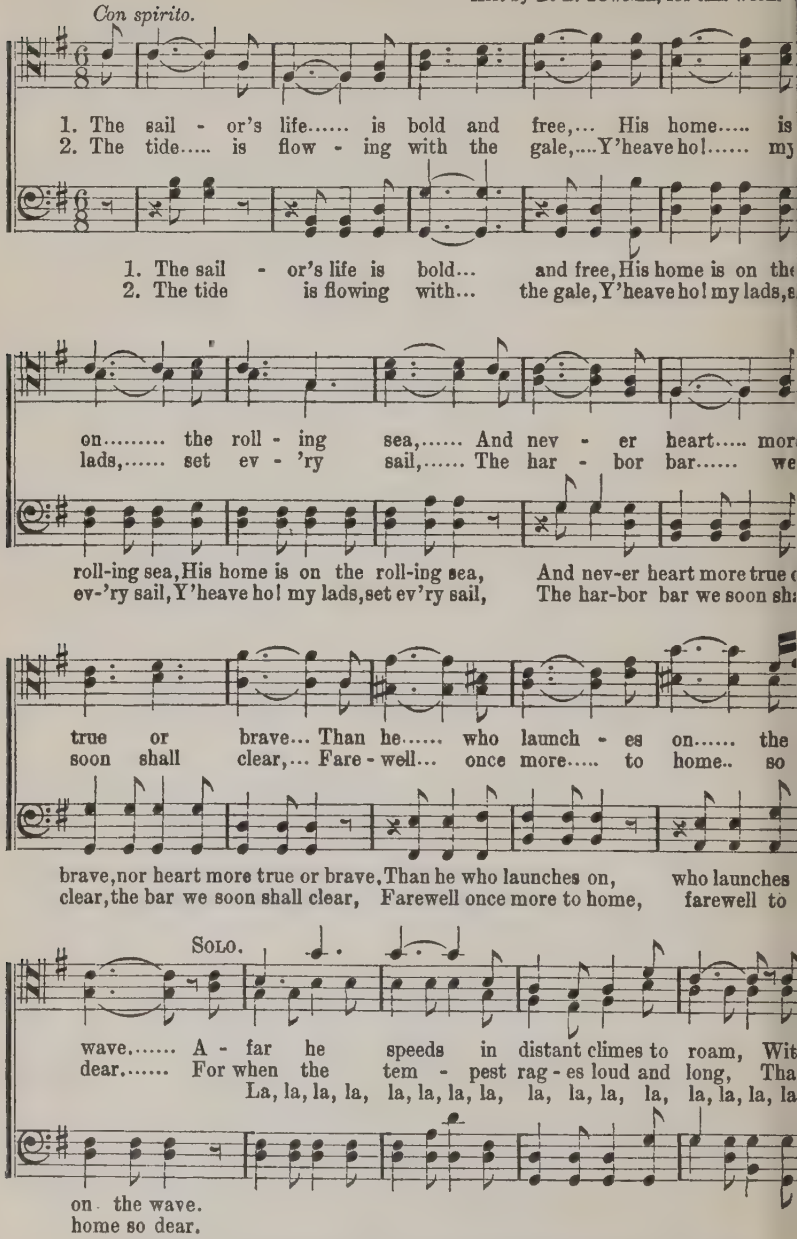
The Sailor's Life.

Arr. by D. B. Towner, for this work.



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The Sailor's Life.

jo - cund song... he rides the sparkling foam. Then hail to the
home shall be..... our guid- ing star a - mong. Then hail to the
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

sailor, and hail to the hearts so true, Who will think of him upon the waters blue:

Sail - ing, sail - ing, o-ver the bounding main, For ma-ny a storm-y
For storm - y

wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home again; Sailing, sail - ing, over the bounding

main, For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, Ere Jack comes home again.

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